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The Herald, January 16, 1892

Cedarville University

The Herald.

VOL. 12 CEDARVILLE, OHIO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1892. NO. 50

THE HERALD

SATURDAY, JANUARY, 16 '92.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE $1.25 PER ANNUM.

Mrs. John Crain is on the sick list this week.

Rilea Stormont and daughter Rosa are suffering with la-grippe.

Rev. Cudley, of New Jasper, was in Cedarville Wednesday.

Mr. Roland Kyle delivered to Millen, Harbine & Co, six yearling hogs that weighed 3680 lbs.

A number from here were subpœnaed before the grand jury in Clark county Wednesday of this week.

Revivalservices at the Methodist tomorrow at 11 a. m., and 7 p. m. You are cordially invited.

School was closed in the McMillan District this week on account of the teacher having the "Grip."

We endeavor to make all work satisfactory—Gatch the photographer, 46 E. Main St. Xenia, O.

It alwayspays to have good photographs and you can have them made at Gatch's 46. E. Main St. Xenia Ohio.

The crowd of people that attended the inauguration at Columbus was simply immense, but the expression of satisfaction on their faces can not be compared with that of those having been Photographed by Gatch. 46, E. Main St. Xenia.

Rev. Willets has so for recovered for a recent attack of la-grippe that he is now making arrangements to fill his lecture engagement and has written the young ladies who have charge of the lecture course here that he will be in Cedarville on the evening of March 3nd, to deliver his lecture on "Sunshine."

Do you want to buy a goat? I have one for sale. C. E. Cooley.

Miss Pearl Jackson is acting as supply teacher for room No. 3 in the absence of Miss Emma Blair who is suffering with la-grippe, while Miss Lulu Morton holds the same position in the in room No 1.

The Swedish Ladies were greeted with a large and appreciative audience at the opera house Tuesday evening. Miss Host, the first soprono sung under a great difficulty as she received a letter upon her arrival here announcing the death of her mother, and it was out of respect for her that they did not appear in native costume. The entertainment gave as good satisfactionas any in the course. The next entertainment will be Morris who will lecture on the evening of Feb., 8th.

Marriage Licenses:—William Bradfute and Ola E Lott; Wilson Lansinger and Flora A Brown; Marcus A Vanankin and Flyrence E Middleton; Benj F Carrender and Elmira M. Sodders; Peter H La Fourtette and Lizzie A Baars; Colney Fugate and Maggie Andeson; Jes Helm and Nettie Denley; S Harry Fogle and Mattie B Flatter.

For Sale.

A general purpose mare. Inquire of Mrs. J. N. Lott.

Mrs. Samual Galbreath has taken the agency of the White Star laundry of Springfield, one of the best in the state. Leave orders at Stormont & Co.

Cash paid for fur at S. L. Walker.

Silk handkerchiefs and mufflers at J. C. Barber's.

If you want a stylish livery rig go to Boyd's.

Go to Charlie Smith for a shave.

Hard and Soft refined Sugars at GRAY'S.

Hard and Soft Refined Sugar, a GRAY'S.

Fresh cakes and bread at the bakery. JACOB SEIGLER

New crop Currants, at GRAY'S.

Buckwheat Flour at GRAY'S.

Rolled Avena, Wheat, Oatmeal, Cracked Wheat, Excelsior, Pearl Barley, at GRAY'S.

Teas, Coffies, Cigars and Tobacco, at GRAY'S.

Whole and Ground Spices, at GRAY'S

TRANSFERS.

Lenora W. Clark to Joseph H. Dickey, w½ of lot 79, Xenia, $4,100.

J D Heller to C A Babb, part lot 133, Detroit st., Xenia, $3250.

Wm. Miller to G and L McKay, 90 a., Caesarcreek, $5,000.

T W Moore to Eliza A Stillings, 14 a., Spring Valley, $1036.

Sheriff to S B LeSourd, lot 64, A and M's add to Xenia. $561.

Wilson McFarland and Martha J Marshall to James N Bratton, lot 45, Leamen's add to Xenia; also 7 feet of lot 1 same add, $450.

Johnna Leaman to J. D. Bratton, strip off lot 1, D and L's add to Xenia $40.

Rebecca Bowles, admr, to Samuel Bigger, 97.43 a., Sugarcreek; $1,885.

S Begger, to John Turnbull, same, $1700.

J J Levalley to John R Smith, 2 a., New Jasper, $200.

J M Hightower to J R. Smith, 10 sq perches, New Sasper village, $20.

South Charleston O., Jan., 12th. '92.

Mr. Editor Cedarville Herald.

Cedarville, Ohio,

Dear Sir; I have no doubt but some of your patrons of Cedarville would be interested in knowning who James Boyle Private Secy., to Governor McKinley is; Well I will take the liberty of telling hem. His father James Boyles Sen. son of old Uncle Daniel Boyles, was born and raised one mile east of Cedarville, O., on a farm now owned by Amos Creswell. James Boyles Sen. moved to Lebanon, O., and raised his family, 3 daugnters and 2 sons, James and Joseph. This family changed their name by dropping off the letter S. and wrote their name Boyle instead of Boyles.

In the year of 1870 when I was a student at Lebanon College, James Boyle and Joseph Boyle were learning the printer's trade. Some years ago James Boyle made a snug little fortune ($25,000) out of a patient of some kind. He has since been connected with the Commercial Gazette of Cincinnati. He certainly is a self-made man and is worthy of the office Gov. McKinley has appointed him to.

Yours Truly,

J. W. WALKER.

Scroggins—There is no use in talking, Sherman is a great man.

Mrs. S.—Yes, but he or no one else cand hold a candle to Gatch when it comes to making photographs.

Sunday Excursions via the Pennsylvania Lines.

Tickets at one fare for the round trip between any two stations on the Cincinnati Division from Columbus and Springfield to Cincinnati inclusive will be sold by the P. C. C. & St. L. Ry. Co, on each Sunday until further notice during the summer of 1891

Soap, Starch, Lye and Blues, at GRAY'S.

Wood and Willow ware at GRAY'S

New crop California Prunes, at GRAY'S.

New crop California Peaches, at GRAY'S.

New crop Sorgum, at GRAY'S.

Crackers, Ginger Snaps and Reception Wafers, at GRAY'S.

Spring repair work at Murray's harness shop.

Go to Boyd's restaurant for a good meal, only 25 cents.

Smith's the place for a seafoam.

Halters, collars and all kinds of harness sundries at James Murray's

Smoke C. P. Wright's cigars. For sale at Bull's.

The Cedarville Herald

W. R. BLAIR, Publisher.

CEDARVILLE, : : : OHIO.

GOING BACK TWO CENTURIES.

This May Be Done By Merely Taking a Trip to Cuba.

"If one desires to experience the novelty of stepping back two hundred years and living a season in the seventeenth century, he may do so by taking a trip to the island of Cuba, which occupies only four and one-half days," said Sigmund Rothschild in conversation with a Free Press representative. Mr. Rothschild returned the other day from his regular autumnal visit to Havana.

"The financial condition of Cuba, is simply deplorable," said Mr. Rothschild. "The taxation is awful, and applied to everything. Not a thing escapes. There is even tax on signs such as 'For Rent' or 'For Sale.' In order to evade this tax when a householder has a vacant room to let he will hang out a sign with simply a key painted on it. If he has two rooms he paints two keys, etc. Every guest who registers at a hotel must pay a tax of ten cents, gold value, for registering his name, and the clerk must affix a revenue stamp opposite the name; then, when the government official comes around and cancels the stamp the guest must pay him 5 cents as his fee. The piaster, or Spanish gold dollar, is worth only 90 cents of the American dollar, and the silver only 65 cents, yet the paper money is so poor that it takes $2.40 to equal a piaster. The government has recently offered to redeem this paper at $1 in silver for $2 in paper, in amounts not over $3. This has resulted in an almost total loss of small change. The small change was in shinplasters, and now that these have been absorbed there is nothing to take their place. I paid 10 per cents for change for a bill in order to pay a bootblack a dime for blacking my boots.

"The government lottery is another great cause of the poverty of the people. A drawing is held every two weeks and it seems as though the entire earnings of the people went into the thing. From the time one lands in Havana till the moment he leaves he is continually followed and importuned to buy lottery tickets. The sellers outnumber the newsboys, and like all peddlers they constantly sing their stock without a moment's let-up. The social evil is everywhere glaringly public. The saloons, which contain nearly every form of intoxicating drink yet invented, are wide open day and night, Sundays and all days; but it must be said to their credit that the Cubans are a very moderate people. I have never seen one of them intoxicated. Outside of the center of Havana the people as a rule go stark naked. Indeed, I took dinner with the mayor of a small town one day, and at the table were his eight children, all of whom were as naked as the day they were born. The people eat but twice a day, the first meal being from eleven to twelve and the last between six and seven in the evening. Trains on the railroads never run at night. The longest road is one hundred and sixty miles. The cars have no windows. In the first-class cars there are cane seats, in the second-class wooden seats. The first-class passage costs just twice as much as the second, but neither car has any window. While riding into the interior one day I became hungry about ten a. m. and asked the conductor, as we stopped at a station, if I could not get something to eat.

"'Why, certainly,' he said, 'get off and get something and I'll wait for you.'

"At the end of twenty minutes, having satisfied my hunger, I returned to the car and asked the conductor if he was ahead of time, or why he had allowed me nearly half an hour in which to eat. He said he had no regular time table; all he had to do was to go up to the end of the line one day and back the next. The arrival of the train a half hour earlier or later was a matter of no account.

"The hotel accommodations are very poor. They advertise American elevators in order to catch custom, but the elevators do not elevate. They are there, but they might as well be painted on the wall, for they are seldom operated. One of the unpleasant features of life in Cuba and one that offsets the delightful climate, is the annoying insects. It is impossible to have carpets or upholstered furniture, as they are quickly destroyed by vermin. The bedsteads are of iron, and the furniture in all rooms, even among the wealthy, only plain wood. The legs of the table at the hotel stand in basins of water to keep the ants from it, and the water soon becomes black with drowned ants. Americans are notified on retiring to wad their ears with cotton to keep out the ants. The water supplied by the water works is too filthy to drink, and the pressure does not send it above the first story. Drinking water is peddled around in kegs, the same as beer is delivered here. Outside of Havana there are few wagon roads, and all travel is by horseback. Only about one-seventh of the fertile land of the island is under cultivation. Next to tobacco the sugar crop is the chief agricultural product, and this, with some bananas and pineapples, comprises all the export products. Havana is losing ground as a city. It is not up to what it was ten years ago."—Detroit Free Press.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

KILLING A MAN.

A Soldier's Graphic Picture of Real and Horrible War.

They do not call it murder when men meet to slaughter each other in battle. They simply report so many dead, wounded and missing. When you fire into the smoke concealing the other battle-line you fire in the hopes to kill or wound. It is your duty. Battles can not be won without killing, and the result of battles changes the whole system of governments. You load and fire—load and fire—move to the right or left—advance or retreat, and when the battle is over, you may have fired fifty rounds and yet you have not had a near sight of the enemy; you have simply fired at him, and you can not vouch that one single one of your bullets has found a living target.

Here is a brigade of us in battle line across an old meadow; our right and left join other brigades. We have thrown down the rail fence, gathered logs and brush and sods, and erected a breast-works. It is only a slight one, but enough to shelter us while lying down. A division of the enemy breaks cover half a mile away and comes marching down upon us. The field-pieces behind us open on their solid columns, but they are not checked. Under the smoke we can see the work of the shells, but they can not halt that mass of men. The grape and canister does awful execution, but there should be a dozen guns behind us instead of six.

They are going to charge us. The guns can not prevent that. Orders run along the line, and we are waiting until every bullet, no matter if fired by a soldier with his eyes shut, must hit a foe. I select my man while he is yet beyond range. I have eyes for no other. He is a tall, soldierly fellow wearing the stripes of a sergeant. As he comes nearer I imagine that he is looking as fixedly at me as I am at him. I admire his coolness. He looks neither to the right nor to the left. The man on his right is hit and goes down, but he does not falter.

I am going to kill that man! I have a rest for my gun on the breastwork, and when the order comes to fire I can not miss him. He is living his last minute on earth! We are calmly waiting until our volley shall prove a veritable flame of death. Now they close up the gaps, and we hear the shouts of their officers as they make ready to charge. My man is still opposite me. He still seems to be looking at me and no one else. I know the word is coming in a few seconds more, and I aim at his chest. I could almost be sure of hitting him with a stone when we get the word to fire. There is a billow of flame—a billow of smoke—a fierce crash, and four thousand bullets are fired into that compact mass of advancing men. Not one volley alone, though that worked horrible destruction, but another and another, until there was no longer a living man to fire at.

The smoke drifts slowly away—men cheer and yell—we can see the meadow before us heaped with dead and dying men. We advance our line. As we go forward I look for my victim. He is lying on his back, eyes half shut and fingers clutching at the grass. He gasps, draws up his legs and straightens them out again, and is dead as I pass on. I have killed my man! My bullet alone struck him, tearing that ghastly wound in his breast, and I am entitled to all the honor. Do I swing my cap and cheer? Do I point him out and expect to be congratulated? No! I have no cheers. I feel no elation. I feel that I murdered him, war or no war, and that his agonized face will haunt me through all the years of my life.—Detroit Free Press.

A WAR-TIME CHRISTMAS.

One Occasion When a Capture Brought Sorrow to the Victor's Heart.

Some of the scouts had brought in word that a guerrilla leader whom we had long sought to kill or capture was at a farm-house five miles away, having only a man or two with him. The orders were to take fifty men and seek his capture.

It was the night before Christmas in one of those last bloody years of war. There was a light snow on the ground and the wind had an edge which cut like a knife.

As we rode off up the mountain road and saw the farm-house lights twinkle here and there I wondered if Santa Claus would be forgotten in all of them. There were children there, and though war's musketry had kept them fearful, and war's blood-stains had paled their faces, they surely would not forget the legend of the reindeers and the chimney. So I hoped, at least.

It was a cold, dreary ride, but we reached the old farm-house at last. A scout sent on ahead came back to report that our man was there. It was his home—his roof-tree. Dangerous as he knew it to be, he had stolen back on the night before Christmas to spend a few hours with wife and children—with the gray-haired father and mother who sat in the chimney-corners on this night and smoked their pipes.

I saw them through the window as we moved up to surround the house. I saw, too, a couple of children seated together on the knee of the man we had come to surprise, and, beside him, with her hand on his shoulder, was his wife. And I saw another sight as I stood for a moment—a sight that struck me like a blow. There beside the old-fashioned fire-place hung two little stockings, waiting the coming of Santa Claus! Others saw it, too, and they groaned out as if wounded.

Well, the man refused to surrender. He did not know our strength, and perhaps he hoped to beat us off. He killed two of our men and wounded a third right on the start. Then our men began firing into the house. It was all over in five minutes. We entered to find the man lying desperately wounded. Beyond him lay one of the children gasping its last, and at the right of the fire-place the old grey-haired father with his life-blood welling out of a wound in his side.

We had captured our man, but there was no cheering. There lay our dead under the leafless pear trees, but no one stood over them with words of regret. We stood there and looked at those little stockings until the memory of them was burned into our very souls forever and forever. The wife shrieked curses upon our heads. The aged mother knelt and prayed God to punish us, and now and then the dying father groaned as his life ebbed away. And yet we neither seemed to see nor hear. There against the mantel hung the home-knit blue stockings which we had filled with woe and wretchedness and sorrow as our gifts. They were the last things we saw as we silently drew away from the house—they seemed to hang before us as we rode back in the storm and darkness to our lines.—M. Quad, in N. Y. World.

ON THE DRUM HEAD.

The Startling Revelation of a Battle-field Execution.

We had crossed the river to hunt for Lee and give him battle in the wilderness. Darkness was just settling down, and the advance had halted for the night, when a squad of cavalry brought in a young man from our front. He wore a mixed uniform, as did most of the confederates at that day, or as did most of those belonging to the partisan commands. He had on blue trousers, a butternut jacket, and his hat belonged to neither side. They said he was a spy. They said it carelessly enough, but there was an awful significance in the term at that hour. In camp he would have been searched, interrogated and imprisoned. It might have been weeks before his trial, and he would have been allowed every chance for his life.

We were on the march. There had been fighting. There would be more to-morrow. That meant a drum-head trial for the spy.

How speedily everything was arranged. I was at headquarters and heard and saw it all. Within half an hour a court-martial was convened—grave faced officers who looked into the face of the young man at first with interest then with something like admiration—I said a young man. I was wrong. He was a boy of seventeen or eighteen. He had big blue eyes, chestnut curls, and his cheeks were as smooth as a girl's. He was a handsome lad, and I believe that every man in the tent felt to pity him.

"What's your name?"

"James Blank."

"What regiment?"

No reply.

"Are you a citizen or soldier?"

No reply.

"Can you make any defense to the charge of being a spy?"

No reply.

The officers looked at each other and nodded, and the president waved his hand. It didn't seem a minute before a file of soldiers came. The face of the boy grew white, but he moved like one in a dream. His big blue eyes looked upon one after another, as if searching for a friend, and my heart yearned to cry out that he was only a boy and ought to be given more time.

Tramp! tramp! tramp!

It was the detail marching him off into the darkness.

"Halt! Tie this handkerchief over his eyes!"

They had brought a lantern. By its light I saw the big blue eyes for the last time as they looked around in a dazed way. I wanted to shout to the boy and warn him that it was not even yet too late to prove that he was not what they believed him to be, but the grimness of the scene parched my tongue.

"Place him there! Fall back! Attention! Ready—aim—fire!"

Ten minutes later the officer in charge of the firing party touched his cap and reported:

"Orders have been executed, sir!"

"Any further evidence?"

"No sir, except that she was a young woman."—M. Quad, in N. Y. World.

Born a Colonel.

On a certain occasion a Yankee officer cavalierly rode up to the gate of the late Judge E. I. Bullock during one of the periods of federal occupation of this section and asked a little negro boy (who, by the way, is now residing here) "who lived at that house," to which the boy replied in a matter-of-course way: "Col. Bullock." "Col. Bullock?" said the federal. "And how did he come to be a colonel, will you please tell me?" In some wonderment, but with positive assurance, the boy replied: "Why, he was born a colonel, sir." And truly he was.—Clinton (Ky.) Democrat.

—He (despairingly)—It doesn't matter if I have got lots of money, I can not forget that my grandfather was a stage-driver. She (sweetly)—That is all right. You can refer to your ancestral hauls without going into particulars.—Sparks.

IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

AT THE BAR OF JUSTICE.

The Honors Won by a Beautiful Young French Woman in a Law School.

The admission last year of Mlle. Sarmisa Bilcesco to practice law in the French courts evoked columns of spirited writing from the Parisian press and revolutionized the classic precincts of L'Ecole du Droit. Fancy the tall, graceful figure of a girl of twenty-three, with dark hair brushed high off an intellectual forehead, sparkling dark eyes and rich brunette color offset by a natty gown of brown cloth, with sleeves and trimmings of brown velvet shot with gold, and a dashing hat garlanded with pink silk hollyhocks, and you have the portrait of Mlle. Bilcesco as she was wont to appear in the boulevards of Paris.

The only child of a wealthy banker of Bucharest, the capital of Roumania, it was in obedience to her father's wishes that she pursued the study of the law. Carefully instructed by private teachers at home, she passed the examination with the young men in the college of Bucharest, taking at the age of seventeen the degree of bachelor of letters and science. She then sought Paris and applied for admission to L'Ecole du Droit to pursue the course with the young men. The application created a tumult in the classic temple. Three professors in the faculty strenuously opposed her admission on a ground that the young men might be wanting in respect toward her.

In a body of 500 men she took the highest rank, and this intellectual triumph outweighed the moral scruples of the faculty, and she was assigned to a seat aloof but in the same room with the students. At the close of the first year a professor in a public address thanked the young men for the chivalry of their conduct toward Mlle. Bilcesco, and warmly praised her industry, perseverance and dignity.

Six years are the term of the apprenticeship of the law student of France. During these years Mlle. Bilcesco missed but one day. Her devoted mother was her constant companion, going with her to the college and occupying a seat at her side during all the tedious lectures of six laborious years. The portcullis lifted, it will be interesting to note that generations are yet required to obliterate that most crippling institution of the Latin race, the chaperon.

The French advocate wears in court a black gown with angel sleeves and a round black cap. A witty Bayard of the tribune summarily dismissed the difficulty. "An opposition can not be put upon an opposition, saith the law. Madamoiselle already wears a gown, and that of the advocate can not be put over it!"

The last year of the course is given to the preparation of the thesis. Mlle. Bilcesco argued the rights of the mother in Roman and French law. It is the first time the subject has been legally treated. The thesis won the approval of the most radical conservators, while the suffragists of socialistic tendencies accuse Mlle. Bilcesco of being narrowed by the influence of her preceptors.

Mlle. Bilcesco is now practicing at the bar of her native city, Bucharest. Accomplished pianist, clever artist, she is versed in the languages of Europe. "I am studying English," she writes; "and hope to master it in time to enjoy the World's fair."—Chicago Herald.

A BEAUTIFUL SISTERHOOD.

The Kind Act of a King's Daughter on An Elevated Railroad Train.

On an elevated train the other day a glimpse was had of a kind act, the doer of which little suspected that she was noticed. Among the passengers was a sweet-faced young woman, dressed in fresh but not deep mourning, such as one might wear for a young child. At one of the stations another woman got on carrying a baby. Both were cleanly but poorly dressed, the baby particularly needing warmer garments than its gingham dress for the sharp air of the day. It wore no hat, a little shawl pinned over its head serving for hat and cloak as well.

The pair were seated directly opposite the lady in black, whose gaze was soon riveted upon them. She watched the baby as if she could not take her eyes from it, and when a shifting of passengers left a vacant seat on one side of the mother she crossed and took it.

"What a bright baby," she said, leaning toward it; "how old is she?" with a soft smile at the pleased mother.

The woman told her.

"Ah!" said the first speaker, "my baby was a month older. But she was no larger." Then she bent down and smiled in the baby's eyes, letting its little hand clasp one of her gloved fingers. "There is a little coat and warm cap," she said, speaking low and rapidly, "will you give me your address and let me send it to you?"

The woman scarcely caught her meaning.

"Quick, please, I leave at the next station," urged the other, still playing with the baby.

Hesitatingly then and flushing a little, an address was given. A low "Thank you" was the reply, and then the train slowed up.

The involuntary listener and assistant at the little scene saw the black-robed figure pause a moment on the platform outside and take up a tablet attached to her belt, evidently to write down the address. As she did so a glimpse was had, too, of a silver cross and a tiny knot of purple ribbon, which showed in whose name the dead baby's garments were offered. If this is the spirit of all the King's Daughters what a beautiful sisterhood it is!—N. Y. Sun.

THE WOMAN OF FORTY.

A Tribute to the Matured Female by One Who Has Studied Her.

At forty, if ever, the ladies know how to make the most of themselves, which is untrue of the vast majorities in the twenties. Perhaps at no other age is the best type of woman more strikingly beautiful. She understands how to exercise her gifts and charms in most effective fashion.

The grace of perfect self-possession, often wanting in young women, is hers, says the Troy Press. If she was diffident, awkward and inexperienced, contact with society has removed these imperfections; if she was gushing, emotional, affected and too talkative, she has corrected these faults and is warily winsome where before she was positively wearisome. In the normal evolution of taste she has acquired the rare art of dressing faultlessly and so avoiding the detracting infelicities of earlier years. Her selections of style, color and material harmonize with her figure, complexion and the occasion, and she doesn't look a "day over thirty."

The woman of forty is infinitely more attractive to men than she will be in later life, when her fine complexion fades, wrinkles leave their year-marks across her brow, silver threads in her glossy hair, her eyes lose their luster and her step its sprightliness. She may always be agreeable, but never again so fascinating.

The woman of forty! She is distracting, delightful, divine. Her society is a solace which robs remembrance of all remorse and poverty of all pain. The spell of her dark, depthless eyes wakens intent emotions into ecstatic life, while the music of her voice thrills and fills the soul with joy unspeakable. Grace, goodness and gentleness supplement the rare and ravishing beauty of face and figure, and her welcoming smile is a precious prize, beside which wealth and learning and kingdoms are but dross. Luxuriant nature in the infinite plentitude of her blessings has bequeathed to man naught else so intoxicating and incomparable as the woman of forty.

Countess Tolstoi's Noble Character.

The Countess Sophia Tolstoi is said to be one of the most truly feminine heroes who was ever cast into a shadow by a brilliant light close by.

When the count married he brought his beautiful bride of half his age to the lonely manor house which he had just erected on one of his estates and there she lived for seventeen years. The horrible loneliness of it, especially in winter, with not a neighbor for miles, unless one reckon the village at the park gate, which could not have furnished anything but human beings, and never a congenial companion for her.

Needless to say that he never had on a low-bodied gown, never went to the theater or a ball in all her fair young life, and to the loneliness of the country must be added the absolute loneliness during the absence of the count, who had much reading to do in Moscow for the historical portions of his great war drama.

When he got tired of his village school, of his experiments upon the infant peasant mind, of things in general, he could and did go away for rest.

The countess did not.

A Pretty Young Author.

Margaret Deland, the author of "John Ward, Preacher," is a pretty woman of a fine physique, a long way this side of thirty, with a wonderful command of language in conversation, and a manner indicative of the highest culture. She lives in Boston, and is one of the few writers who had phenomenal success in the sale of her books. In ten days after the publication of her "The Old Garden and Other Poems" the first edition was exhausted, the second edition brought an advanced price, and three other editions have appeared since. Within one week the first edition of "John Ward, Preacher," was sold and several others have since followed.

WOMAN'S WAY.

THERE are in the United States 2,500 women who possess medical diplomas.

A WOMAN'S Bureau of Journalism and Literature has been opened in New York, by Mrs. Emily Battey, formerly of the New York Sun.

MRS. DEMING is editor of the Daily Advocate, Palestine, Tex. Mrs. Beta W. Bowen is editor and manager of the Cotulla (Tex.) Ledger.

MISS MABEL DUNLAP, a graduate of the Philadelphia School of Design, has been appointed one of the five ladies to decorate palace car interiors at Wilmington, Del.

A WOMAN'S walking club has been started in London. The members walk nine or ten miles at a time and wear a club costume; a short homespun dress and a Tam O'Shanter cap.

IT took me five years, said a married man, to become convinced that the cheapest way for me to run my house was to give my wife the money to spend as she saw fit, and I think I have saved twenty-five per cent. by it.

IN Germany 5,500,000 women earn their living by industrial pursuits; in England, 4,000,000; in France, 5,703,000; in Austria-Hungary about the same, and America, including all occupations, something over 2,700,000.

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OF FORTY.

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[Original.]

MISS SOPHIA NICHOLS was a lady of great modesty and of a very retiring disposition; and as she had passed the age of "fair, fat and forty," wasted few glances on men. She had lately established herself in a suite of rooms on the southeast corner of Laurel street, facing the lovely little Beech park. It was just the place for a quiet spinster who loved nature and retirement, and she enjoyed it with unalloyed pleasure for a few days.

Opposite her new abode was a quaint old house with four immense windows, wherein were set tiny panes of glass, to each room. The inhabitants seemed to be very quiet persons, and she seldom saw them except in the evening. After she had been domiciled about a week in her new place her attention was attracted by a very queer action of an old gentleman who lived in the quaint house. After finishing her one o'clock dinner she always established herself cozily with work or book at her front window, and the old gentleman would as regularly appear in his yard, and drawing out of his pocket a red bandanna, raise it solemnly, high in air! He did not seem to wave it, but let it go at its own sweet will, or the wind's will. On moonlight nights always at about ten o'clock he repeated this mysterious rite, or whatever it was. His eyes were nearly always turned toward her window, and stared fixedly. Sometimes he did not use the handkerchief at all, but gazed steadfastly at her window. This performance he kept up every day, until Miss Sophia began to be fearfully nervous; she was really afraid it would draw down the gossip of the neighborhood on her. So she tried in many mild, well-bred ways to let the old gentleman understand that she did not like his very open attentions. She pulled down her blind, and, on peeping out to see what effect it had, found it had none; he still waved. Or she would retreat to the farthest corner of her room, out of his range of vision, and her mirror told her he still gazed.

Finally her nephew came to make her a week's visit. Every spinster has a favorite niece or nephew, and Jack Brown was Miss Sophia's. She adored his youth (he was only twenty-four), his courage, his well-shaped body and even his impetuous (to put it mildly) temper. He was rather good-looking, too, although his hair was auburn, and his mustache, such as it was, undeniably *red*.

"HEY! PLEASE SPEAK A LITTLE LOUDER."

The first day of his visit Miss Sophia kept him engaged by showing him her photograph albums, of which she had half a dozen. But she couldn't keep this up a whole week, so the second day Jack remarked, as the bandanna and its owner appeared:

"What a queer old chap! What's he doing?"

To which Miss Sophia tremulously replied: "I don't know," which was literally true, for she had her back carefully turned to the window.

The next day Jack observed the same performance, and said:

"Confound the old scoundrel! Aunt Sophia, I really believe he's trying to flirt with you or else he's a lunatic!" Jack was a senior at college and had taken his degree in the art of flirting.

The following day Jack's ire reached a climax as the old gentleman appeared as usual, and not only waved the offending red rag (Jack was a fiery republican) but actually gazed fixedly at Miss Sophia's window for fully five minutes!

He grabbed up his hat, and said to his aunt, "I'll know the meaning of this confounded impudence or my name's not Jack Brown!"

He dashed downstairs, paying no attention to his aunt's pleadings: "Don't Jack! don't! you will only make matters worse!" She pulled down her curtain, and peeped from behind it to see what Jack would do.

He was striding angrily across the street, and in a few moments was at the old gentleman's side. With a wrathful face, and sternly determined manner, he said:

"Sir, what is the meaning of your infernal impudence? It is a nice thing that a quiet lady cannot sit at her window without being insulted!"

The old gentleman cleared his throat, wiped his mouth with the offending handkerchief, smiled gently, raised his hand to his ear and said in a soft, mild voice. "Hey! Please speak a little louder. I'm quite deaf."

Thereupon Jack, as is customary with people who are unaccustomed to talking with the deaf, roared loudly and rapidly, prefacing his former inquiry with: "I say—" conscious that he was making a spectacle of himself, and that in all probability the whole neighborhood heard him.

Still the old gentleman shook his head despairingly, and said: "Come into the house. My daughter will make me understand; you talk too rapidly and loudly."

Just as he said it a door opened softly and a girl's voice, trembling with laughter, said: "What is it, father? Does the gentleman want something?"

"I think he does, Bertha, but I cannot understand what."

After one glance at the girl's face Jack "sized himself up as an ass," as he would have expressed it, and he knew she had overheard the whole interview. He really had not the courage to tell her outright that her father was accused of flirting with his Aunt Sophia, or else he was a lunatic, and that neither he nor his aunt approved of his conduct.

The girl let him flounder and get red in the face for about ten minutes, enjoying the situation as only a mischievous girl can, but he managed to convey his meaning.

Then she said: "I understand you perfectly and can perhaps explain it satisfactorily to both you and your aunt. Father keeps a weather record, and has as long as I can remember. He takes observations three times a day, at two in the afternoon, at seven in the evening and early in the morning, probably before your aunt gets up." Here two irrepressible dimples broke out and hinted that laughter was not far behind. Jack, who had recovered his equanimity, admired them immensely, but was not to be diverted from his purpose, so he said, judicially:

"But why does he use a handkerchief?"

"For the very simple reason that if there is a light wind stirring he cannot tell its direction any other way."

"Well, why does he stare so at my aunt as she sits at her window?"

"I think it is not at *her* but"—here she paused long enough to make impressive what should follow—"at the smoke-stack from the furnace. The smoke that comes from it makes a first-rate weather vane."

This explanation was made so demurely and with such evident enjoyment at the ludicrousness of the situation that Jack was slightly provoked at her and said, rather sharply:

"Well, you must admit that it looks queer to a fellow not accustomed to it."

"I've no doubt it does," she replied, with a smile, "but we have always lived here and father has always taken observations just in this way, and everybody knows his peculiarity, so, of course, it awakens no comment."

As Jack had no reply ready she said: "Please make my apologies to your aunt for any annoyance she may have felt," and as the comical side came uppermost again she broke into a laugh and said: "Poor old father! The idea of him being accused of flirting!" Jack joined in the laugh, and the innocent cause of all the trouble and fun sat staring out the window as mild and placid as though no such charge lay at his door. As yet he did not even know the reason of the visit of the erstwhile angry but now smiling young man.

Jack apologized humbly, but he had no idea of letting the story get out on him, so he tried in an elegant manner, which turned out a flat failure, to intimate to the girl that it should be a secret between themselves, as he said:

"I hope you will not—I mean—ah—er—but you won't—"

"Won't tell it on you," she said, with unfeeling bluntness. "Father would be avenged rather more than the case calls for if the students should get hold of the story." Then taking pity on him she said, sweetly: "I will never mention it again, of course, and will not even tell father."

Jack asked her to call on his aunt, which she promised to do, and he took his departure, to explain to Miss Sophia that she had only made the same blunder that many another woman has done, jumped at a conclusion too readily.

Jack visited his aunt with great regularity, but spent the major portion of his time at the weather prophet's across the way, so that the neighbors concluded he was taking a postgraduate course in meteorology—or something!

SIDNEY KNOX.

—Mr. Wilde says he is a journalist, and modestly observes: "I am told that my judgment as an art and dramatic critic is considered first." This is almost equal (says the Albany Times) to Oscar's remark to a London friend who visited him in Paris. "Did you drop in at my chambers before you left London?" inquired the aesthete. "I did," was the reply. "Did you observe whether my lily was in flower?" The friend answered that it was. "How good of it to bloom while I am away!" murmured Oscar, gently.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Mrs. Nancy Kennedy, of Halloway, Me., who it was supposed was 118 years of age, is really only 92. She has always asserted that she was married to a soldier of the Revolution during that war, but Dr. Lapham, the Augusta historian, who has investigated the case, has learned that her husband was a soldier of 1812, and that she was born in 1799.

—In the center of a saw log thirty-two inches in diameter that was found at Moore, Mich., was an Indian tomahawk. It is six inches in length, and has a blade of roughly forged iron, about two and a half inches long. The solid timber over the head of the tomahawk was ten inches in thickness. It is estimated that it had been in the tree two centuries.

—Previous to 1825 the use of stoves, generally of the box pattern and very rude, was confined to shops and offices, school houses, court houses and churches in the cities and larger villages. In the country the churches were not usually warmed, but the matrons and older women carried their foot stoves, and the men protected their feet from the cold by stout leather overshoes, technically known as "boxes."

—A missionary on the Middle Zambesi, who has traveled over all that region, says the best maps of the country are very inaccurate; that rivers are laid down where they do not exist, and that numerous villages appear where there is not a trace of a human habitation. He says the maps are simply an annoyance to travelers, who are often put to inconvenience by relying on information which they find later to be inaccurate.

—Hartley, the sculptor, has modeled a beautiful bas-relief which is placed over the mantelpiece of the Montclaire (New Jersey) athletic club house. It represents running athletes racing for fun. Health is suggested by the perfectly developed human figures; action, by the variety of forms expressing the different positions; and beauty, by the grace, not alone in the sculptured humanity, but in the space left between the men and their friendly rivals.

—The first attempts to introduce silk culture into America were made very early. James I., having been foiled in his efforts to establish the rearing of silkworms in England, and having learned that the climate of Virginia was favorable for silk culture, sent over, in 1622, silkworm eggs, white mulberry trees, and printed instructions. He also gave special directions to the Earl of Southampton to urge the cultivation of silk in the American colonies in preference to tobacco, to which his majesty had a strong aversion.

—The highest priced postage stamp in existence is the famous Dundee stamp, worth £500 sterling, and not purchasable at that price. James Chalmers, of Dundee, was the inventor of the adhesive postage stamp in 1834. The stamp is in the possession of Sigmund Friedl, an extensive postage stamp merchant of Unter-Dolberg, Vienna. It was exhibited at the Vienna jubilee stamp exhibition of last year. The postage stamp museum, held on May 25, 1891, at Vienna, displayed this gem as the greatest attraction among three million stamps and other objects exhibited there.

—Notable specimens of game continue to be taken in Maine. W. K. Mayo, Jr., of New York city, recently shot a moose at Moosehead lake, the head and antlers of which weighed 183 pounds. In Kingsbury township Samuel Foss trapped a bear which had feasted so well that it weighed, when dressed, 600 pounds. The postmaster of West Southport dug a clam which measured 9x14 inches and weighed fourteen ounces. The Washington county hunters are all looking for a jet black deer which has been seen near Wesley. It will be worth about $500 to the hunter. White dear which were once very rare, are now quite plentiful in eastern Maine.

—On the old Boston and New Haven turnpike in the southern part of New London county, Conn., is an old milestone, notched and moss grown, that was set there by Benjamin Franklin. When the highway was laid out Franklin got the job of setting the milestones, and he did it in an original way. He set out from Boston in a comfortable chaise that he had built, and a gang of men followed him with a team that conveyed the stones. Franklin's vehicle had a peculiar machine that marked the miles according to the revolutions of one of its wheels. He drove all the way between Boston and the Elm city. This historic stone is alongside of the John Champion farm in Lyme.

—William Hamilton Gibson, who is a trained observer of plants and animals, satisfied himself some time ago that a rooster makes the flapping noise that accompanies his crowing by striking his wings together over his back. The popular notion is that the bird produces the noise by striking his wings against his hard, fat thighs. Mr. Gibson discussed the subject with a farmer once, and the latter laughed at the artist's idea and said: "I've been brought up among chickens, and I guess I know how a rooster flaps his wings." "Very good," said Mr. Gibson, "but just watch your own fowls for a week, and tell me what you think, then." The scornful farmer promised, and returned at the end of the week with the humble confession that Mr. Gibson was right.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

HOW CARL SAVED HIS FATHER.

The Story of a Drunken Father's Reformation.

It was a week-day afternoon meeting of the children. Carl Hartwell was one of those present. He seemed to listen with his eyes as well as his ears, for he leaned on the back of the bench before him, and stared with big, eager eyes at the speaker. The latter was telling about the thirst of a drunkard. It was like a furnace, he said, heated red-hot, and it was asking for liquor to feed it all the time.

Carl did not seem to notice anything else but the minister, who was talking to the boys and girls of his congregation. Carl thought of his father, Abram Hartwell, known to be a drunkard, known to have this hot thirst.

"How can you cool off such a thirst?" asked the minister. "I saw a great river of ice once—a glacier—oh, so cold! Would that take out the heat from a drunkard's thirst? I know what will take away his thirst. Do you want to know? Prayer to God will do it. And whatever you do, whatever remedy you try, whatever medicine, don't leave out prayer. Add that to it."

Carl went away in deep thought. That thirst, the awful thirst of a drunkard, and to think his father had it, this hot furnace! Oh, if he could do anything! He wanted to do so much for his home, where the mother had such an anxious face, the home that was so poor and needy and empty. The baby there was such a pining little thing, the pantry sometimes had no food in it, the hod ever seemed to lack coal, the stove was so often without any fire. Oh, so much needed to be done in that drunkard's home!

Well, he could do one thing which the minister had mentioned; yes, he could pray. He would pray, too, that very day, that very moment. A white little face was turned up to the sky in its mute supplication, like a white flower asking for rain on a hot day. God sends rain to the flowers; would he not hear the plea of this boy-face and send a blessing?

Hark! When Carl opened his eyes he heard a rumbling. It was not the sound of thunder accompanying rain, but it was the jarring noise of a heavy ice cart coming down the hot, dusty street.

"And it is stopping at Stokell's!" thought Carl.

Stokell was the keeper of the rum-hole at the corner. "And oh, there is father!" thought Carl.

Abram Hartwell was standing on the sidewalk, looking very sad and discontented. He was saying to himself: "What a nobody I am! Don't do anything, don't amount to anything, don't care for anything, except—to drink! Oh dear!" Yes, he did seem to be a very useless being.

"What am I good for?" he muttered.

He looked up to the sky. How he wished he could be good!

His face was coarse and red. There are flowers coarse and homely, very unlike the white ones. Does not God send rain on those homely ones also?

While Abram Hartwell was thinking about his useless life and raising his hopeless face toward the sky, Carl was thinking about that hot thing, the drunkard's thirst; and oh, if ice would only cool it and subdue it and stop it!

That ice cart, what an attractive object it was to all the children in the neighborhood! Out of the close, hot, poor homes, they rushed when they heard the sound of the heavy, jarring, rumbling wheels. "The ice cart! the ice cart!" they shouted. How they gathered about the cart when it halted! When Sol Stevens, the ice man, with the brown arms and iron ice pick, broke up the white sparkling blocks of crystal, what a rush was made for any of the cool chips flying over the sidewalk!

"Hurrah!" they shouted. And Sol grinned and let his ice pick fall clumsily at times on the ice that there might be a shower of nice, cool bits for the hot, thirsty children.

All this time Carl eyed first his father and then the tempting ice shower. He wanted to pick up a cooling crystal and hand it to his father that the awful thirst within might be slaked, and his father not go into Stokell's saloon.

"I don't dare to," Carl muttered more than once. Sol had finished his delivery of ice for the neighborhood, cried: "Good-bye, youngsters," and mounted the driver's seat, and was turning his team away from the sidewalk when Carl saw a piece of ice still ungathered and also saw his father turning toward the saloon. Crying: "God, do help me speak to my father," he quickly mustered courage to seize that last piece. Then, strangely, he slipped, and oh, so near those awful, heavy wheels! He did not think of that. He only thought of his father going into the saloon, and cried: "Don't go; oh, this ice, father—take it!"

It was all Carl could do to offer his ice and think of God in just a swift little prayer!

The father turned. He saw something terrible—a big wheel rumbling and grinding round, and so near his boy!

"Whoa!" the driver suddenly shouted to his horses, fiercely pulling them back from a big express team coming round a corner. He did not see Carl, but that halt put a little space between the child and the great threatening wheels approaching.

"God help me!" murmured Abram Hartwell.

Does not God send rain, I said, on the course, homely flowers?

Abram seemed to reach Carl in one single, immense leap. He took several leaps actually, but he was not in a condition to appreciate time or distance. Those dreadful wheels were turning again toward Carl! Only an inch between him and death when a fierce, strong grasp was fastened upon him, and he was snatched away.

Then Abram fell down senseless on the sidewalk, so intense had been his excitement and the reaction was so great. When he came out of the darkness, people in a big cloud stood about him. Carl too was fanning his father, with his ragged straw hat, for he had got Abram's head in his lap, and he was holding to the drunkard's lips that piece of ice.

"A hero!" somebody was saying.

"That man is a saint!" gasped a woman, all ragged and dirty.

What praise! It was like cold water to Abram's thirsty, despairing soul; just like the touch of the ice to his hot lips. He was not past the doing of a noble thing.

"Here's a drink for ye!" said a rough voice. "You've earned it! Take that ice away!"

It was Stokell offering a glass of brandy. "Take it! Costs nothin'," he said.

"Don't take it, father," whispered Carl, pressing the ice harder to his hot lips.

"Here, Abram!" insisted Stokell.

Abram's head was shaking.

"No! no!" he murmured, all the while looking up into the sky bending in pity over the great city. Abram Hartwell's soul was taking hold of God. There was a great hope, a grand purpose, a new life beckoning to his soul. It was like a hand motioning to him out of the sky.

He had through God's strength saved his boy. Why, through the same abounding help, could not Abram Hartwell save his own life and not die a drunkard? Success in one exploit aroused a daring purpose to attempt another, and when he got up from the sidewalk and slowly and feebly crawled away there was a triumphant, happy light in his eyes, and Carl, who clung to his hand, was so happy also! Be assured that Carl's after happiness was not clouded by the shadows hovering over a drunkard's home.—Rev. E. A. Randy, in N. Y. Observer.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

THE Missourian's "cure for the drink habit" was entirely successful—"Quit yer drinkin'."

WE have a great horror for arsenic, and fifty other things; the fact is, all these things are a mere bagatelle in relation to the most direct, absolute, immediate and certain poisonings which are caused by alcohol.

BELGIUM is the paradise of saloon-keepers. Although the enactment of a license law two years ago compelled about twenty-five thousand keepers to close their saloons, yet about one hundred and sixty thousand remain, or one for every forty souls in the population.

THE committee of the British Medical association on legislation for the inebriate has reported in favor of endowing proper authorities with power to compel inebriates to be placed in retreats where they will be treated by physicians employing the most approved methods.

BEFORE the British began to rule in Burmah there was practically no use of intoxicants. Since their advent what a change! One distillery in Mandalay, licensed by the government, turns out five hundred gallons of liquor every day, and there are now one hundred and thirty-nine licensed liquor shops.

THERE is one thing vastly more important than the cure of every drunkard in the country, and that is the cessation of drunkard-making by legislating against the liquor traffic, and by each person's own abstinence. If we could have emphatic testimony against the drinking habit, it is the welcome that is given by thousands to the news that a drug has been discovered that will deliver them from the curse of rum. One need not go any farther than this fact for a pretty cogent temperance lecture.

THE cause of prohibition is making great headway in Sweden. Already many parishes or communities enjoy absolute prohibition. Total abstinence societies are numerous and strong. Clergymen take an active interest in the work; altogether the outlook for prohibition is encouraging. At a recent parliamentary election, six candidates of the prohibition party were elected. The cause of temperance has long received official recognition and support. Last year twenty-five thousand crowns were appropriated toward this cause. Of this appropriation a certain sum is set apart as prizes for the best essays on the best method of dealing with the traffic. The remainder of the money is to be employed in printing and distributing the essays.

Slum Children.

What a pathetic text for a temperance lecture is there in the following! Every day some small children get lost in London. The bewildered little ones burst into tears, a crowd collects, some stare, some question, some pity, a few help. The friendly policeman is brought to the rescue, and when all other efforts to find the little one's home fail, the man in blue inquires: "Where does your mother get her gin?" Most of the slum children know too well this haunt of the parent, and in not a few cases, it is said, has the policeman in this way been able to trace the home of the lost child.—N. Y. Press.

THE HERALD

SATURDAY, JANUARY, 16 '92.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE $1.25 PER ANNUM.

S. L. Clemmans (Mark Twain) will spend a portion of the winter at Dresden, where his daughters are studying music.

A Pittsburger recently returned from abroad says that what Europe is looking for is a Napoleon to lead its forces to victory.

A photograph of baby Ruth has been taken, but it will not be printed in the news papers with the consent of Mrs. Cleveland.

The late M. Grevy ex.president of France, possessed a very extensive amount of real estate in England, which has been valued at over 172,000 pounds.

Fredrick Duglass has recently secured a place as clerk in the agricultural department for the daughter of his old master in the days of slavery. The lady was brought up in extreme luxury, but has for 10 years experienced great privations.

In its obituary of the late Mrs. R. L. Stuart the New York Times takes occasion to pay a passing compliment to her father Robert McCrea, who departed some time ago. It says of of the late Robert, he "was not only a wealtny merchant, but a respectable citizen."

As Richard Vaux of Philadelphia had not known a day of sickness for the last 40 years, it was beleived that he would be proof against the grip. Nevertheless, the rugged ex-minister to Great Britian has succumbed to the epidemic, althouge oe is not regarded as seriously ill.

An old school friend of Prof. Tyndall says that in his boyhood days the great scientist used to "walk home with thueber" after school and amuse while sometimes puzzling the pedagogue by demonstrating problems in Euclid in the snow. This seems to have been a case where the boy was truly father to the man.

The last gown made for Eugene, once the queen of French fashion, typifies the change tn her position of life. It is a dinner dress of plain black silk with only a slight trimming of jet on the corsage and skirt to relieve its somber severity. It is simplicity itself for an ex-empress who once spent $20,000 a year on her costumes.

Senator Galvin S. Brice's son, when initiated into the Dickey at Harvard, had to walk up and down at a public gathering wearing a short-sleeved blazer, a straw hat and a great placard, on which appeared in large letters, "I am Brice." "The Dickey birds" ought to say "stop" to that sort of nonsense.

In Russia the literary inspector is on the alert and contraband literature has no chance to escape. A gentleman who recently visited Russia had with him a tonic sol fa text book which was seized by the custom house officers, evidently under the impression that it was Nihil'sm in cipher, and in spite of the owneer's explanatiogs it was confiscated.

James Whitcomb Riley was a clever amateur octor once. He painted red coals on a pane of glass and put lighted candles behind it for a stage fireplace at the production of the play "Solomon Probity," in which he acted the role of Old Solomon. His manp merits will influence the historian to overlook Mr. Riley's invention of the stepladder variety of versicle.

Cardinal Gibbons is exceedingly fond of children, and is never happier than when in their company.

The Brazilians are said to live longer than any other civilized people. But the outlook now is that quite a number of them are to have their longevity abbreviated.

An Indianapolis horse recently jumped through the window of a saloon and proceeded to kick the contents of the place to flinders. It was fright and not fanaticism which promped the informal intrusion.

Amazonia, Mo., has a boy 8 years old whose head measures 41 inches in circumference. Mr. Philson, a Somerset county, Pa., banker, has a 4. year-old child as big as himself.

"Blood will tell." The genealogy of a young fire-bug who has been operating in Kingston, N. Y., has been traced, and he is found to be the descendant of the noted old Aunt Delamater of Gallows Hill, who was the great grandmother of 100 criminals.

Joseph McGinnis, aged 8, stole some lead pipe from a plumber. The plumber painted the boy green. The boy's father sued the plumber, but the New York justice discharged the prisoner, remarking to the father that he, being an Irishman, ought not to be angry to have his son painted in his national color.

Lizzie Loran of New York has been writing threatening letters to herself. Her case is almost as peculiar as that of Rev. William Dodd, LL. D., who was hanged at Tybnrn in 1777 for forgery. Dodd preached his own funeral sermon in prison before a large and fashionable audience.

Anything can be forgiven at the Hub except literary oblquities. A Boston girl thought a great deal of her rich and handsome admirer until he wrote to her, saying that he was ill and that the doctor attributed his indisposition to "2 menny siggeretts."

A youth damed Wise, aged 17, recently killed another youth at Weymouth, England, by pushing him over a steep cliff. He had nothing against his victim; but it had always been the one found ambition of his life to be hanged, and he knew no other way of attaining the hempen goal than to shed the blood of a fellow being. Young Wise is a problem for psychologists.

Pauline Hall came near being recorded among the angels by a Philadelphia coroner's jury a few days ago. At an inquest in the case of Pauline Clay, who died from an overdose of chlorform, the foreman astonished the people by announcing as the verdict that "Pauline Hall came to her death," etc. The mistake was corrected before it had been inscribed in the records.

The "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the Russian social question is what Hall Caine hopes his new novel will be, and it is not forbidden to any to hope. Mr. Caine wears a Vandyke beard and has auburn hair. Ae is just 41 new, and began life as an architect, he has been called "the Victory Augo of English literature" on the strength of "the Deemster" and "The Bondsman." The Caines are Quakers of a Puritan stock.

John Grimes of Oak Orchard, N. Y., will never hire any more help on his farm. What work is done on his broad acres will be his labor exclusively. He hired a young man named Eugene Emery. Emery fell in love with Grimes' daughter Cora. Cora did not fall in love with Emery, and Emery killed her. Grimes then hired a young man named Charles Beck. Beck wore store clothes and a red necktie, and his demeanor was so chivalrous that Mrs. Grimes fell in love with him. Mr. Grimes discharged Beck. Then Beck returned and eloped with Mrs. Grimes, who left two or three little children.

THE HERALD

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PRICE $1.25 PER ANNUM.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Covenanter Church.—Rev T. C. Sproul, Pastor. Regular services at 11:00 a m; Sabbath school at 10:00 a m

R. P. Church.—Rev. J. F. Morton, pastor. Services at 11:00 a m; Sabbath school at 10:00 a m.

M. E. Church.—Rev. G. L. Tufts, pastor. Preaching at 11;00 a m; Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.; class, 3:00 p. m.; Young People's meeting at 6:00 p m; prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:00

U. P. Church.—Rev. J. C. Warnock, pastor. Services at 11:00 a m and 7 p m; Sabbath school at 10:00 a m

A. M. E. Church.—Rev. A. C. Spivey pastor. Preaching at 11:00 a m and 7:00 p m; Class every other Sabbath at 10:00 a. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a m.

Baptist Church.—Rev. D. M Turner, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11a m, and 7:00 p m; Sabbath School at 2:00 o'clock p m; Prayer meeting Wednesday night.

NOT AN EASY JOB.

Many and Arduous Duties of the Secretary of the Treasury.

The position of secretary of the treasury is one of work in several different lines. The word treasury, says Kate Foote in the Independent, makes one think only of the millions in the vaults. But the departments under the treasury roof are numerous. They are those of the supervising architect, the bureau of engraving and printing—that is where all our notes, bonds and certificates and revenue and custom stamps are printed; the secret service division—they "watch out" for counterfeiters and smugglers; the office of steamboat inspection, the bureau of statistics, the life-saving service, the comptroller's offices, the commissioner of customs, the register of the treasury, who is the bookkeeper of the United States, and who has to know how every dollar of the public money is spent or else come to grief. Then there are six auditors, who help the register keep his eyes on all the claims and accounts that come to the treasury, and the treasurer of the United States, who, with his clerks, receipts and pays out money to banks and keeps their bonds. The comptroller of the currency has the organization of our national banks and the redemption and destruction of notes that are worn out and defaced, as well as the issue and preparation of the national bank circulation. The commissioner of internal revenue, who attends to our internal revenue taxes and matters pertaining to distilleries, is the one whom the "moonshiners" of North Carolina swear at when a sudden raid from some unexpected quarter is made upon their illicit distilleries of whisky. The director of the mint attends to these little mint drops, our gold dollars, and estimates the value of the coin of foreign countries. The bureau of navigation tries to keep us from being blown up by reckless steamboat owners, who for filthy lucre would send us to sea in ill-fitting vessels. The lighthouse board tries to keep us off the rocks and shoals when we have gone to sea in the vessels that the inspector of steam vessels says are safe, and the reports of this board and the lights they set up along our coast are very interesting subjects to a great many hundred miles of coast, both on salt water and fresh water. I am told that there is a lighthouse away up in Lake Michigan where the men are shut in for six months. The weather is such that they cannot get away and the inspector says: "We invariably find when we go up there in the spring that they have quarreled and will not speak. One lives on one floor and one on another and they are at loggerheads. The long isolation is too much for human nature. They get frightfully tired of each other and always quarrel sooner or later." The coast and geodetic survey give fine maps and the marine hospital service has Dr. Billings at its head. There are twenty-four divisions in the treasury, each requiring its own arrangements for working its set of clerks and a head of each division who knows what he is about. It is a very perfect machinery in spite of its complications, and the perfection of its working is shown in the old, true story, that the accounts were found to be three cents behind—and there was great stir and excitement. The three cents were found at last upon the floor in one of the vaults and peace settled once more upon the boundaries of Uncle Sam within the treasury.

Wigs Out of Date.

There is an old French wigmaker in Mulberry street, New York, who doesn't take kindly to the ways of modern baldheads. "In former times," he said the other day, "men who were bald took great pains to have a good wig made, and would pay a heavy price for it. Nowadays they prefer to wear a shining pate, catch cold, have pneumonia and die. Fashion may alter this state of things some day, but just now the business is dead. It seems to me sometimes that men actually exult in their baldness."

THE NEGRO'S SONG.

It Breathes a Sadness Induced by the Wrongs His Race Has Borne.

No Other Music Can Match It in Melancholy Sweetness, and It Was the Only Thing That Slavery Left Him—Reasons for Its Excellence.

Ninety years ago in a little grass-matted hut beside the Niger river a white traveler lay tossing in the agonies of a tropical fever. Sometimes in his delirium he murmured broken fragments of Scottish songs—sometimes, as the pangs of the fever momentarily abated, the sound of the bagpipes seemed to ring in his ears, and, roused to semi-consciousness by the sweet illusion, the sick man would rise from his couch of reeds and cry: "Play the 'Blue Bells of Scotland,' piper—play the 'Blue Bells.'"

Then a woman, dark of face, and clad only in a blue cotton skirt, entered the hut. Sitting down beside the invalid she began to softly croon a song of wondrous melody. In the music of that African song pathos, sympathy and anxiety seemed to blend with hope and confidence, while the sound, ever soft and low, touched gently the ears of the sufferer, and soothed him to rest and sleep, from which he awoke, weak, but free from the fever's grasp.

That traveler, says the Chicago Globe, was Mungo Park. In his memoirs he says: "I am firmly convinced that the soft music of that negro woman's song saved my life and gave me new strength for my undertaking."

How or when the negro acquired his love of music history cannot tell. Herodotus tells of the "sounding bows" of the Ethiopians—black bows whose strings gave out a melody sweeter than the notes of lyre or cithern, and which were in great demand at festivals. In Roman times the Mauritanian blacks were noted for their musical skill, and the chroniclers of the middle ages often speak of the sable musicians who delighted the lordly Saracens with their talent. In the strange, mysterious land of Africa the negro has little to do and abundance wherewith to support life. Doubtless, in the earlier ages, he lounged about his hut day after day, until at last from sheer ennui, he turned to music as a means of employing his idle time. As the centuries rolled on the black became more and more skilled in musical art until, when his race first began to see the shores of America, he was already a vocal and instrumental genius of high merit.

But it was among the negro slaves that the "divine art" reached its perfection. The poor African, torn from his native land, and sent from ease and idleness to hard work, under an exacting master, could not express his thoughts in the ordinary language of common conversation, but all the pathos, all the sorrow of his misfortunes and his surroundings, acting upon his sensitive and romantic nature, combined to produce a type of song which the world has never seen surpassed. Perhaps a wife or child would be sold into servitude, far away from the poor slave who composed the song; perhaps a kindly master would pass beyond death's river; perhaps the slave himself would be sent into a distant state, never again to see the home which had become dear to him by countless ties, but, whatever the cause, the negro songs remain matchless in their melancholy sweetness, marvelous in their patient resignation to fate and "massa's" will.

But there were gleams of light and happiness in the life of the slave. In the evening, when the work was over, the darkies would assemble in the "quarters" and, while the 'possum and the hoe cake, the sweet potatoes and the corn were being cooked to perfection by the skillful "aunties," the fiddle and the banjo sounded merrily and the uproarious chorus mingled with the shuffle of the dancing feet.

A Thief in Hard Luck.

At Chengkiatuan, China, while a thief was engaged in robbing a house during the absence of the family, the watchman, hearing a noise, entered, but failing to discover the intruder, proceeded to enjoy his pipe. He fell asleep and set fire to the building. The frightened thief was caught by the villagers as he essayed to escape, and, as many houses were consumed by the devouring flames, they proceeded to lynch him as an incendiary caught in the act. He was bound hand and foot, saturated with oil, hurled into the burning mass, and speedily cremated, a victim to the blind fury of a Mongolian mob.

The Wily Italian.

An Italian who conducts a confectionery stand in Park Row has adopted a novel idea to force custom, says the New York Tribune. He leaves a silver half dollar lying upon the glass case in which his wares are inclosed. Naturally every one who comes along looks at the half dollar, and as a consequence has his attention called to the goods beneath the glass. Occasionally some well-meaning individual, thinking such a reckless exposure of money unintentional and due to carelessness, will pause, call the attention of the Italian and point to the coin. The Italian pretends to misunderstand the reason he is called. "Half a pound cat'racis, dis you say?" he inquires, blandly, as he picks up the half dollar and puts it in his pocket. "Er-er-a-yes," the victim replies about nine times out of ten. Why he does so reply it would be difficult to say, except on the theory that his good sense melts beneath the supreme blandness of the Italian.

RUSSIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

Cow Smallpox Is Propagated Among the Poor and Ignorant People.

A few months ago smallpox broke out in the Poodozhskiy and Povienetskiy districts of the government of Olonetzk, on the coast of Lake Ladoga. Since then the plague has spread throughout the region, and is still unabated. In the villages and towns where the scourge has appeared ten per cent. of all the children up to the age of twelve years have died, mostly such as had not been vaccinated. A large percentage of adults has also died. The medical and the administrative authorities are doing all in their power to resist the evil, but the prejudices of the common people are against them. Those prejudices are very curious. The people of Olonetzk regard smallpox (Ospa) as a divinity to be propitiated and not angered. They call it "Ospa Ivanovna," or "Matooshka (little mother) Ospa"—appellations which imply profound respect. Since vaccination is a means to oppose it, they believe that it would be a sin to be vaccinated, and try to avoid the operation by all possible means. As soon as a person gets stricken with the disease all the children of the village are dressed as nicely as their parents can afford and taken to his house to pay their respect to Ospa Ivanovna. They take cakes and fruit to the house of the invalid, which they deposit on a table placed by his bedside for the purpose. Then they kiss the sick person on the mouth and sit down around him for some time talking and partaking of the food they had brought with them, or of the other victuals which the host provides. Sometimes children are brought from a distance of twenty versts (seven versts are five miles) to salute Little Mother Ospa in this wise. As long as there is smallpox in the house the rooms must not be cleaned and the inmates may not wash themselves or change their garments. No rough expression or curse may be pronounced in a house where there is a smallpox patient. If such an expression escapes involuntarily from the lips, the offender must forthwith kiss the invalid by way of propitiating Ospa Ivanovna. No medicine is given to the patient, but he must be bathed in hot water twelve times during his illness. The presents which the children bring must be left on the table by his bedside for visitors to partake of. These superstitions are deeply rooted among the peasants of the entire region, and serve to propagate the disease despite all efforts made by the more cultivated.

BABY IN AN INCUBATOR.

A Novel Experiment Conducted at the Cincinnati Hospital.

A wee bit of a seven-months baby, weighing between three and four pounds, is at the Cincinnati Hospital being raised in an incubator.

The wee thing, according to the Enquirer, has no finger-nails, its eye-lids are open, and every hour a drop or two of digested milk is dropped into its tiny mouth.

Chickens have had woolen rugs for mothers, ducks have been hatched by hens and alligator's eggs warmed to life in the sand, but incubating babyhood into successful existence has at least the merit of novelty.

The incubator looks like an unpainted family ice-chest. It is thirty inches high, twenty inches wide and contains two compartments, an upper and lower.

The inside of the chest is lined with asbestos to prevent the effect of radiating heat as well as to make it air-tight. In the lower compartment is a galvanized iron tank filled with water. The tank does not fit tightly into the chest, there being an inch space for the air to circulate. Holes in the bottom allow the escape of foul air, while on a shelf, resting on slats that divide the two compartments, lay a basket containing the baby. The skin of the tiny thing is covered with an unctuous sebaceous matter. The bones of the head do not set closely together and the process of ossification is slowly going on.

Mrs. Smart's Nine Husbands.

Mrs. Smart, a woman living in Grayson County, Tex., has a character synonymous with her name. She is now living with her ninth husband. She is fifty-one years of age and remarkably well preserved. In her youth she was noted for her beauty. Four of her husbands were killed in the Confederate army. Another was sent to prison for fifteen years. Two subsequent husbands died, and one unfortunate was cut to pieces in a sawmill. What her present husband's fate will be is not yet determined. She has seven of her own children.

An Humbled Vizier.

A traveler in Morocco tells, in "The Land of an African Sultan," the following story: "The Sultan, not long ago, discovered that one of his viziers was becoming too powerful. He therefore summoned him to court and complimented him on his great wealth. The vizier, becoming vain, boasted of the number of his houses, horses, wives, and slaves, and the Sultan rebuked him, saying that he was too rich and thought too much of himself. To show the man exactly what he was worth, his Majesty had him taken by soldiers to the slave market, where he was put up for sale, and received only one bid of eightpence. He was then taken back to the Sultan, who said to him, 'Now you know your proper value—eightpence. Go home and ponder over it.' When the man reached home, however, he found that nearly all his property had been taken away by order of the Sultan. Only one small residence, one wife, one horse, and one slave had been left him."

Lincoln's Prophecy.

The prophecy of President Lincoln, made by him in a private letter to a friend in Illinois, has been frequently quoted, but was never more clearly illustrated than to-day. He then said: "Yes, we may all congratulate ourselves that this cruel war is nearing a close. It has cost a vast amount of treasure and blood. The best blood of the flower of American youth has been freely offered upon our country's altar that the nation might live. It has, indeed, been a trying hour for the republic, but I see in the near future a crisis arising that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned, an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the republic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of war. God grant that my suspicions may prove groundless."

Cincinnati Division. Pennsylvania Lines.

Schedule of Passenger Trains-Central Time.

Westward	5 AM	21 AM	11 AM	9 PM	7 PM	Acc. Trains leave Morrow for Cin'ti and intermediate stations at 11.15 a.m. 11.00 p.m.
Columbus ....lv.	*2 50	*7 20	18 55	*1 55	13 40	
Alton .... "	....	....	9 14	....	4 00	
West Jefferson .... "	....	....	9 22	....	4 10	
London .... "	3 39	8 10	9 38	2 42	4 28	
So. Charleston .... "	3 57	8 27	9 55	3 00	4 50	
Selma .... "	....	....	10 03	....	4 59	
Cedarville .... "	4 16	....	10 14	....	5 10	
Wilberforce .... "	....	....	10 22	....	5 17	
Xenia .... ar.	4 30	8 53	10 30	3 30	5 25	
Xenia .... lv.	4 35	9 00	10 35	3 35	5 35	
Spring Valley .... "	....	....	10 47	....	5 49	
Roxanna .... "	....	....	10 51	....	5 52	
Waynesville .... "	4 58	....	10 59	....	6 03	
Oregonia .... "	....	....	11 10	....	6 12	
Fort Ancient .... "	....	....	11 16	....	6 18	
Morrow .... "	5 20	9 43	11 25	4 20	6 30	
South Lebanon .... "	....	....	11 33	....	6 39	
Loveland .... "	5 45	10 03	11 50	4 44	6 55	
Milford .... "	....	....	12 10	....	7 11	
Batavia Jc .... "	....	....	12 25	....	7 26	
Cincinnati .... ar.	6 40	10 45	1 00	5 30	7 40	
	AM	AM	PM	PM	PM	

Eastward.	10 AM	6 AM	12 PM	20 PM	8 PM	Acc. Trains leave Cin'ti for Morrow and intermediate stations at 11.15 a.m. 13.50, 15.20 p.m.
Cincinnati .... lv.	15 00	*8 00	1 45	*4 30	*8 00	
Batavia Jc .... "	15 30	....	2 12	....	....	
Milford .... "	5 45	....	2 26	....	....	
Loveland .... "	6 08	8 46	2 45	5 18	8 46	
South Lebanon .... "	6 20	9 00	3 01	....	....	
Morrow .... "	6 30	9 12	3 10	5 42	9 10	
Fort Ancient .... "	6 40	....	3 20	....	....	
Oregonia .... "	6 48	....	3 27	....	....	
Waynesville .... "	6 58	....	3 37	....	....	
Roxanna .... "	7 09	....	3 49	....	....	
Spring Valley .... "	7 12	....	3 52	....	....	
Xenia .... ar.	7 25	9 55	4 05	6 30	10 00	
Xenia .... lv.	7 35	10 03	4 10	6 40	10 05	
Wilberforce .... "	*7 43	....	*4 18	....	....	
Cedarville .... "	7 53	....	4 26	....	....	
Selma .... "	8 02	....	4 38	....	....	
So. Charleston .... "	8 10	10 21	4 50	....	....	
London .... "	8 31	10 45	5 10	7 28	10 55	
West Jefferson .... "	8 50	....	5 30	....	....	
Alton .... "	9 00	....	5 40	....	....	
Columbus .... ar.	9 20	11 20	6 00	8 15	11 40	
	AM	AM	PM	PM	PM	

Between Springfield, Xenia and Dayton.

Westward.	1 AM	21 AM	11 AM	9 PM	7 PM	3 PM
Springfield lv.		*8 10		*2 45		*7 20
Yellow Springs .. "		8 29		3 07		7 39
Xenia .... ar.	AM	8 50	AM	3 20	PM	8 00
Xenia .... lv.	*6 45	9 00	*10 35	*3 35	*5 30	8 05
Dayton .... ar.	7 35	9 30	11 10	*4 15	6 05	8 44
Dayton .... lv.	7 35	9 30	AM	*4 15	PM	8 40
Richmond .... ar.	9 05	10 37		6 00		10 10
	AM	AM		PM		PM

Eastward.	10 AM	6 AM	12	20 PM	8 PM	4 PM
Richmond .... lv.	*5 00	*7 40		*4 55	*7 45	
Dayton .... ar.	6 35	9 20	PM	6 00	9 15	
Dayton .... lv.	6 35	9 20	12 55	6 00	9 15	
Xenia .... ar.	7 15	9 57	1 36	6 36	9 55	
Xenia .... lv.	7 25	10 05	PM	6 40	PM	
Yellow Springs .. "	*7 36	10 25		7 01		
Springfield .... ar.	8 05	10 50		7 20		
	AM	AM		PM		

*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday.

a Sunday stop. b Stops to discharge passengers received east of Loveland.

Dark Faced Type denotes time from 12.00 noon to 12.00 midnight; Light Faced from 12.00 midnight to 12.00 noon.

Pullman Sleeping Cars on **Nos. 2, 5, 6, 9, 20 and 21** either run through via Columbus and Pittsburgh or connect through Pittsburgh Union Station to and from Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York. **Nos. 1, 9 and 21** connect at Richmond for Indianapolis and St. Louis: **Nos. 21 and 2** for Chicago: **No. 9** for Logansport.

JOSEPH WOOD, General Manager. E. A. FORD, General Passenger Agent.

11-15-'91.-T* PITTSBURGH, PENN'A.

For time cards, rates of fare, through tickets, baggage checks, and further information regarding the running of trains apply to any Agent of the Pennsylvania Lines.

W. R. Torrence, Agent Cedarville, O.

Just received, fresh goods in every line. J. C. Barber.

The Cedarville Herald.

W. H. BLAIR, Publisher.

CEDARVILLE, : : : OHIO.

CALLINE'S SISTER.

Oh wish I I have my work to do.
I can't stand talkin' here with you.
A foolin' round in sech a way
Won't do my ironin' up to-day.
Better come in—if you're a min'—
While I step out and call Calline.

You think she's nice. Well, 'tis right strange,
As two sech unlike girls should range
Right into the same family.
Sometimes it rather puzzles me,
When folks look round at us and say:
"Be them two sisters? Shio—go way!"

Yes, yes; you've knowed us sence we all
Played hide and seek when we was small;
Don't you remember how 'twould be,
When you would hunt her stidder me?
Even then it seemed to me quite plain
That you liked Calline more'n Jane.

And why not? Every one you meet
Is sure to think she's awful sweet.
Don't all the boys, both far and near,
Jest swear by her? You think that queer!

Now what's the matter! What d'you say?
Why don't you leave me 'lone? Go way!
Lemme call Calline! I—why John!
Is't me you want: Well, well—I swan!
I was quite sure 'twas her—you see.
Lord! Who'd a thought you cared for me?

—Browne Perriman, in Yankee Blade.

CHAPTER VIII.

A "FELLER."

The surprise party was a solemn success.

When Wanda entered the room she found the men sitting on one side and the women on the other, looking for all the world like a parcel of school children about to be whipped.

She was individually introduced to every one present, and with great fortitude took each clammy hand in hers and shook it cordially. She knew that she was being inspected, and bore the ordeal bravely, for the countenances of the people were so devoid of expression that even her timid nature was reassured.

It was not till she found herself standing in front of a young man, whose presence was remarkable among his common-place associates, that she felt the least embarrassment. But, with his dark eyes fixed intensely on her, she could not repress a little shiver of revulsion, and involuntarily bowed, instead of giving him her hand. How vexed she was to feel the blood mantling to her cheek and notice the tremor of her voice as she replied to his friendly greeting, for she knew that the eyes of Martha and Huldah were on her, and that her confusion would be misinterpreted.

Alphonse Damiens was certainly a splendid animal, but it was not his fine physique and handsome face which chained her attention—it was an indefinable something, a soul-antipathy she could not understand. He was in everything remarkable. While Jabez Short's "best suit" made him look like a hog in armor, instead of the honest carpenter he really was, Damiens' clothes fitted him to perfection—even the flaming scarf he wore harmonized with the gypsy type of his features. Surely there was nothing very formidable in this good-looking young countryman—then, why this fluttering sensation in his presence?

It was very provoking that the company seemed to have entered into a conspiracy to give this rustic Don Juan every opportunity to inflict his obnoxious attentions upon her, but she avoided him as much as she could, though she could never get quite beyond the fixed gaze of his insolent admiration.

The crisis came at last. She had seated herself in a low chair in a remote corner, thankful for a little respite from his persecutions, when, noticing her isolation, he flung himself on a seat beside her and coolly rested his arm on the back of her chair, while he said in a tone of easy nonchalance:

"Say, Wanda—I may call you Wanda, mayn't I?—if you will dismiss your pupils at half-past three to-morrow afternoon I will call around for you with my buggy and span of blacks—they'll be a sight different from Daddy Dolman's old cripples—and I'll take you a spin across country, wherever you please—Glastonbury, if you like, for the nights are moonlit and the horses are fine as silk."

There was this plea for his insolence. He honestly looked on Miss Arlington from in his eyes a higher social plan; and in western villages familiarity between young people of opposite sexes ripens with tropical growth unknown to the ceremonious east.

She was ablaze in a moment.

"Mr. Damiens," she said, her face as white as a sheet and her lips quivering, "Take your arm from my chair."

"No offense," he stammered, abashed at her defiant beauty.

"And yourself from my presence."

He was too astonished to move.

"I am sure I only meant to be friendly and—"

Poor girl, she never was intended by nature to play a high tragedy role, and I am afraid her supreme air of frozen contempt bordered rather on the ridiculous, as she cast on him a glance of withering contempt and left the room, cheeks flushing and lips quivering.

"Hello, 'Phonse, what hev yer been a sayin' ter teacher ter rile her so?" old Dolman asked. "Her looked pison at yer, as her went out."

"I simply asked Miss Arlington to ride in my new buggy to-morrow, and—she declined." Damiens replied with a smile, meaning to assure the company that he was immensely amused at her behavior; but his passionate nature rebelled against this assumed indifference, and before Mr. Dolman could offer his condolence he burst out with uncontrolled anger: "Curse the room! How hot it is. Give me my hat, Jim Dolman, and, for Heaven's sake let me get a mouthful of fresh air."

Many were the comments made as he strode from the room and slammed the door behind him, the men enjoying his discomfiture, the women, after the man-

HE WAS TOO ASTONISHED TO MOVE.

ner of their kind, unanimous in their condemnation of the girl's misconduct.

"Such silly impertinence," remarked one.

"Stuck-up minx!" sneered another.

"City manners, I suppose," Martha insinuated, with a smile which expressed commiseration for anyone brought up in the contaminating atmosphere of a metropolis. But Jabez, to whom she spoke, murmured with a satisfied chuckle:

"Didn't her sot down on him some? He jest wanted takin' down a peg or two, an' her did it fine, her did."

Martha flashed indignantly:

"You dare not say that to his face, Jabez Short!"

Whereupon Huldah, who was ready to tear Jabez Short's hair for his remark, with true feminine consistency, flew to his rescue and gave her sister to understand that one exhibition of feminine spite was enough for that evening's entertainment.

Meanwhile Damiens, like a wounded animal, sought solitude. For an hour or more he paced up and down the bank of the river, his hot blood at fever heat.

He felt the indignity of the girl's demeanor keenly and bitterly, but what wounded him most was the humiliating conviction that he loved her with a mad, unreasoning devotion. Her very contempt had set his soul ablaze. The more he thought of her, the more intense became his infatuation. In his heated imagination her beauty was magnified a hundred fold, till it assumed as exquisite a vision of loveliness as the son of Islam dreams shall meet his gaze when he enters paradise.

Yet, strange to say, beneath this wild rhapsody was an under current of vindictiveness—a desire to "get even" with her for the humiliation she had inflicted on him.

Like an angry storm spending itself in its own fury, his passion at last wore itself out, and he fell into the more dangerous mood of planning future retaliation.

Pshaw! What a fool he had been to get into such a rage. He would win in the end. There were two ways of catching this bird of beautiful plumage, and, if one failed he could try the other. If the silken net of honied words was useless, he knew how to cast the strong bonds of obligation around her.

The Dolmans' owed him money—they must help him; Robison, her employer, was in the same fix, he must do his bidding; and Mrs. Evesham would surely not be blind to the glitter of his worldly prospects. As for that blind fellow—but no, a girl like Wanda could never give her love to him—well, if he stood in his way, it would be all the worse for him.

And Wanda! She was feverishly tossing on the bed, the victim of a thousand doubts and fears—the past with its phantoms of uncertainty, the present with its disappointments, the future so clouded with hopelessness that she dreaded even to think of it. With a heart overflowing with the tenderest gratitude, she pondered over Mrs. Evesham's long years of motherly solicitude for her, of the sacrifice she knew that noble woman must have made for her sake. True, the burden was pressing less heavily on that dear friend now. Kate was at work, the store was prosperous, Alice was no longer dependent on her, and she, Wanda, was in a position to add her mite to the family funds. But, if she should fail—pshaw! she must not fail; she must endure any discomfort, any degradation rather than go back to Glastonbury to be again a charge on the widow's bounty.

As for Damiens, with his rustic insolence, she was foolish to waste a second thought upon him and half regretted that she had condescended to rebuke his impertinence. But, then there was poor blind George Arundel—that was a different trouble. It was very well for him to talk about being her adopted brother, but she knew that his love for her was of a very different nature, and she was sure that she could never return his affection in the way he wanted it.

Then—ah, then—floated before her imagination a face of typical beauty. Big, earnest, brown eyes seemed to be looking tenderly into hers, so vivid was the picture that she could in fancy have raised her hand to push away the short, clustering, brown curls which extended over the clear white forehead. She saw the pleasant smile on the well-curved lips—nay, she could almost believe that they moved and whispered her name in a tone of exquisite tenderness. "Wanda" never sounded half so sweetly as when he uttered it. But she must not think of him—no, it would be a crime of ingratitude to fetter him with her dowerless love. She would be brave, she would dismiss him forever from her thoughts; and, saying this she concentrated her whole soul on the beautiful vision, till—the wearied eyelids closed, and sleep drew the curtain of oblivion over her wandering fancies.

And the brown-eyed hero of Wanda's dreams was none other than Harry Evesham, who, as Alphonse Damiens had truly said, was gone to New York to "make his fortune."

CHAPTER IX.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAMS.

But things brightened.

Time worked wonders even at dull Havana.

Work—that splendid tonic for unstrung nerves—braced our heroine up to a cheerful endurance of her surroundings.

Then her children had begun to love her and their parents to appreciate her; and, best of all, Alphonse had ceased to persecute her, though she learned that he had managed to pick up an acquaintance with her friends at Glastonbury.

Then she was cheered by the most delightful news of Harry Evesham, who had won the esteem of Mr. Hardcastle, a railroad magnate living in Brooklyn, who had appointed him his private secretary with a salary beyond his wildest expectations.

"What a charming man the old gentleman must be," Wanda mused, as she read Harry's description of him—"rich, in the beginning of a hale old age, a bachelor without relations or intimate friends, he treats me like a son and his magnificent mansion is a home to me."

Wanda smiled. What a lucky old man she thought Mr. Hardcastle must think himself to enjoy the constant companionship of so gifted a person as Harry Evesham.

But the climax of her satisfaction was reached when one winter's day the old veteran with a wooden leg who in a desultory manner presided at the telegraph office brought her a dispatch from Mrs. Evesham that Harry was coming home on a visit.

Harry coming home!

I am afraid to confess that she took the precious paper and kissed it.

Ah! she was glad now that she had shown no malice toward Damiens—even a little glad that she had consented to allow him to drive George Arundel out to Havana to spend the evening—a suggestion that had been heartily indorsed by Kate—for, who knows? perhaps Harry might come with them—but no; he would probably

ALPHONSE DAMIENS, HAT IN HAND, PRESENTED HIMSELF.

not leave New York until after the telegram was sent.

Anyhow, she watched the slow, moving fingers of the clock in school on that eventful afternoon.

At last the hour of dismissal came. The last little lad had bundled up his head in his "comforter" and made his bow, the last little maid had donned her cloak and rubbers and held up her chubby face for a parting kiss, when Wanda began to make preparations for her departure. She generally was the tardiest to leave, as her cavalier, Bob Slocum, had "chores" to do at home which deprived him of the felicity of escorting teacher home.

She had just put the finishing touches to the arrangement of her white woolen hood, in which her sweet face shone forth too bewitchingly for description, when she heard a gentle tapping at the school-room door.

"Come in!" she said, cheerfully, quite expecting to see some wee mite appear to claim her sympathy and redress for having been unmercifully snowballed, so the start she gave when Alphonse Damiens, hat in hand, presented himself, might be readily excused.

"I left the team and Mr. Arundel at Stewart's, Miss Wanda, and walked up here, hoping you would allow me to accompany you home," he said, with great deference.

"Thank you, I shall be ready in one moment, Mr. Damiens," she replied, carelessly, though her flushed cheek belied the serenity of her manner. If she only knew the wild turmoil of passion which thrilled his soul she would have been even less at ease.

He scarcely hears her, as she adds another coil to the wrap round her white throat.

"Now I am ready," Wanda says, and they pass out into the lonely road, with the frozen river on one side of it and the snow burdened pines on the other.

"I would not be presumptuous, Miss Arlington, but may I say that this little walk is a glimpse of Heaven to me?" he falters.

He feels the soft hand on his arm tremble, he sees the tearless misery which comes into the eyes and dims them.

"Let—let us walk faster," she whispers scarcely above her breath.

"Go faster!" he echoes bitterly. "Yes, I had almost forgotten myself. There should be a short cut to the left here. Are you cold?"

"No," she says, but there is a tremor in her voice, which she strives hard to render light and careless.

"Go faster!" he says with a despairing shrug of his shoulders. "Ah, if these hours of torment would only go faster. Do you remember the day that first I saw you? You were standing at Mrs. Evesham's cottage door one July evening and the wind blew my straw hat to your feet. You picked it up and gave it to me."

"I do not remember—I have forgotten," Wanda says indistinctly.

"It seems an age to me—an age—I—"

He stops, for something like a sob strikes his ear.

He looks down into her face. It is pale, and the red, ripe lips are tremulous.

He has mistaken her emotion. The red flush flies to his face, then leaves it white with suppressed excitement.

"What! Wanda!" he hesitates, for, with a quiver of the lids, tears are springing to the blue eyes. "What! you are crying! Is it possible you love me, girl?" and he seizes both her hands and looks down into her face with a hungry glare. "Is it possible? Look at me, Wanda. Oh! Heaven! I long, and yet I dare not hope. Wanda, you know I love you. You cannot help but know it. I have loved you since the first moment I saw you. I never dreamt that you would give me hope to love. No, it cannot be. Look at me, Wanda. Is it possible that—you—love—me?"

Slowly and fearfully the words drop from his lips.

Then she tries to draw her hands away, but he only clings the harder.

"Speak, Wanda," he says, hoarsely. "Do you love me?"

Then she speaks. Slowly, heavily she lifts her eyes to his and looks at him with a great yearning misery and solemn truthfulness in them. "I am so sorry that you should entertain such feelings for me, Mr. Damiens, for I can never return your love."

She sees him quiver under the blow she has struck, and with a woman's tenderness seeks to heal the wound.

"Oh! do not look like that," she cried, for he has dropped her hands and stands before her dazed like one in a dream.

"I cannot help my looks," he says, bitterly. "Nor can I help loving you. It is no crime to love you, Wanda—Miss Arlington."

"Nor for me to be unable to look upon you as other than a friend."

"Yes, yes, that is true," he replied hurriedly. "You must be my friend. I will not annoy you with my solicitations, I will worship you in silence."

She could not see his face. She could not see the cunning malignant gleam of those dark eyes, nor imagine that the man's humble words but cloaked designs of future conquest.

He had recovered the first blow of his disappointment and was now himself again—a cunning, treacherous man, ready to do anything to attain his ends. He give her up! Not he, indeed. What care he though she had a dozen lovers. he did not blame her for it, only—it would be all the worse for them.

So he said once more with all humility: "Be, as you say, my friend, Miss Arlington. I am as you see a rough, uncouth fellow, and you may humanize me."

"I am very sorry for you," Wanda said frankly; "but, Mr. Damiens, you must not let your passion grow the better of you. There are hundreds of girls as attractive as I am, which is not saying much for their charms, who will gladly give you back love for love, who have not already set up an idol of their own."

The words escaped her lips without thought. She would have given the world to have recalled them, but it was too late.

"Then you *do* love another?" he asked, with well-feigned dejection.

She blushed crimson.

"No one has ever spoken to me of love but you," she prevaricated.

"Love is not born of words," Damiens said, passionately. "A glance—a pressure of the hand, a flash of—but why define a bliss denied me? Suffice it to say that you are lost to me. Nay, do not tremble so, Miss Arlington; your secret is safe with me."

For a moment her eyes flashed an indignant reproach, but she could not live so she took refuge in silence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—A Vermont editor has invented a new way for stirring up delinquent subscribers. He writes obituary notices of them, assuming that they must be dead, since he does not hear from them. —Fulton (N. Y.) Republican.

—With the desire of giving her husband a true picture of herself, a woman in Atchison, Kan., had her photograph taken as she appeared at daily housework in her kitchen dress, with a baby on one arm and broom and dust pan on the other.

—The deeds of property in Odessa, Tex., provided against the sale of liquor, and that the property should revert to the town company in case of a violation of the clause, but in one deed the clause was omitted and the purchaser of the lot is selling so much liquor that only an injunction can stop him.

—A breach of promise case in Hamilton, O., was decided against the plaintiff. She was so enraged at the verdict that she attributed it to the judge's charge, which was in the defendant's favor. She bounded toward the judge, grasped him by the hair, and struck him several blows in the face before the court officers could overpower her.

—The czar of Russia treated his late guests, the princess of Wales and the king of Denmark, to a wonderful sight by holding a review of 250,000 of his soldiers in their presence. Their majesties were encamped at the foot of Mt. Elburg, in Southern Caucasus, and it took two whole days for this immense army to file past them.

—Sir Edwin Arnold has been criticised rather sharply by Rev. William Elliot Griffis, of Boston, a Congregationalist, for saying in his recent book on Japan that the Japanese had never been separated by creeds and religious wars. Mr. Griffis has himself lived in the empire, and he claims to know enough of its history to be aware of theological feuds which led to great bloodshed.

—A typical wanderer has stopped temporarily in Dallas. He has traveled for fourteen years, crossed the country from New York to San Francisco, worked his way through South America, and has been a fireman, a policeman, a railroad man, a sport, a drummer and a soldier. He says that the world has used him pretty well so far, and that he intends to wander around until he dies.

—In the will of the late king of Wurtemberg some curious legacies were left. The bootblack outside the palace gates is to wear patent leather shoes for the rest of his life, be dressed in blue tweed homespun and receive a pension of 1,000 marks a year. An old apple woman who sweeps a crossing around the corner gets a pleasant position in the palace, a black silk gown and a small pension.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Knew It Was There.—Lady—"Have you any nice mild cheese?" Mr. Kaisersohnitz (grocer)—"Yah, I guess you schmell him before you come in alretty, eh?"—N. Y. Weekly.

—"Did I hear you say that you once saw a red-headed Indian?" "Yes." "Well, can you explain the phenomenon?" "Certainly; he was bald."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

—Ed—"What do you do to pass away the time?" Ned—"Easy enough. I just give my note to some one for thirty days, and the time passes quickly enough, I assure you."—Lowell Citizen.

—The Tell-tale Evidence.—Mother—"I think our John is courting some girl." Father—"Hey? Is he beginning to have vaseline on his hair?" Mother—"No; he is beginning to have it on his shirt bosoms."—N. Y. Press.

—"There's a limit to my endurance," said the old gentleman to his son who had applied for cash. "Yes, father," replied the conscienceless youth, "but I thought I'd like to speak to you about raising the limit, you know."—Washington Star.

—He had asked her the momentous question with great warmth. "You know," he said, after a pause, "that a soft answer turneth away wrath." "That's very true," she replied with a sarcastic twinge in her voice; "but a soft question doesn't."—Demorest's Magazine.

—Little Girl—"The teacher says I must get a diary and write in it all I do every day. Will you buy me one, mamma?" Mamma—"There are plenty of them upstairs in the lower bureau drawer, fifteen or twenty I think." Little Girl—"But isn't those written?" Mamma—"Only the first pages of each."—Street & Smith's Good News.

—The Worst Over.—Bulfinch—"I understand, Dramaticus, that you are writing a play." Dramaticus—"Yes, I have that honor." Bulfinch—"Got it nearly done?" Dramaticus—"Well, yes; the most important part of it. I haven't started on the play itself yet, but I have nearly finished my speech of surprise when I am called on between the acts."—Boston Courier.

—Too Much Lynch Law.—First Citizen (Golden Gulch)—"Wall, we caught up with the feller wot stole your new overcoat and lynched him." Second Citizen—"Ha, ha; that's somethin' like. Teach these coyotes they've gotter obey the laws o' the land. Hung him, eh?" "No, we shot him full o' holes." "Gee whittaker! He didn't have my overcoat on, did he?" "Jerusalem, partner, come to think, I'm afraid he did." "Ye oughter be arrested, every one of ye. This 'ere lynch law is a disgrace ter civilization."—N. Y. Weekly.

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HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—Fruit Cake.—Four eggs, two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful each of molasses and milk, one-half cupful of butter, five cupfuls of flour, one pound of raisins, one teaspoonful of soda, all kinds of spice.—Good Housekeeping.

—Sally-Lunn.—Mix a quart of flour with a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of sugar, in which rub a tablespoonful of butter and an Irish potato, mashed fine; add half a teacup of yeast and three well-beaten eggs, with warm water to make a soft dough. Knead half an hour. Let rise, handle lightly, put in a cake-mold and bake in a hot oven.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—A very simple and efficacious cream for the hands may be prepared as follows: Take two ounces of lanoline and two ounces of glycerine, place in a small jelly can and stand in a warm oven until the lanoline is entirely melted. Then add a few drops of attar of roses, lavender or rose water, and stir the whole briskly while cooling, otherwise the lanoline and glycerine will separate.

—Moths will work in carpets in rooms that are kept warm in winter, as well as in the summer. A sure method of removing the pests, is to pour strong alum water on the floor to the distance of a half yard around the edges before laying the carpets. Then once or twice during the season sprinkle dry salt over the carpet before sweeping. Insects do not like salt and sufficient adheres to the carpet to prevent their alighting upon it.—Christian Inquirer.

—Ham sandwiches dainty enough to set before the queen are made as follows: Pound or chop together the yolks of two hard boiled eggs with six ounces of cooked ham, a dust of cayenne, and six ounces of butter, rub it all through a sieve or fine colander, and spread on very thin slices of rusk bread a day old. After spreading roll the slice up, pinching the ends a little to make them hold in shape, and pile lightly on a folded napkin. A few drops of carmine in mixture before rolling give an appetizing "pinkiness" to the ham.—N. Y. Times.

—Ginger Snaps.—Two cups molasses, one good cup butter, one and a half tablespoon of ginger, one teaspoonful cinnamon, a little salt. Heat all these together so that they may become thoroughly incorporated. Mix half a teaspoon baking-soda in a very little warm water. When the molasses has cooled pour this into it. Beat up and pour into a quart of flour. Mix well, and add more flour as needed. Roll out very thin, and bake for a moment in a hot oven. Use as little flour as possible, but the thinner they are the more dainty.—Household Monthly.

—Some of the Spanish residents of New York secure a summer room in their houses by a picturesque plan. In the extension room on the parlor floor a small fountain is placed and connected with the water-pipe. Round the circular edge tin receptacles for plants are fitted, deep enough to hold flower pots small enough to be easily moved away from the center fountain. Pedestals stand near the window holding flower pots with growing plants. Shells are employed in profusion, as their brightness and delicate coloring contrast well with the green growth.—Demorest's Magazine.

SLEEP AFTER EATING.

From a Lecture By Dr. J. H. Kellogg, Battle Creek, Mich.

It has been demonstrated by physiological research and experiment that digestion is less active and rapid during sleep than during waking hours when the brain is active. A wide awake brain is necessary for active digestion. The pneumogastric nerve which runs from the brain to the stomach, largely controls digestive processes, and in order that the stomach shall do its work thoroughly, the brain must be awake to do its part. It is often argued by those who favor an after dinner siesta that the lower animals eat and go immediately to sleep, but I have experimented and studied into the subject for years and am convinced that this is not usually true, and even if it were, it proves nothing, for an animal is not called upon to support a great amount of mentality beyond that which is necessary to maintain its existence. The cow often lies down and with closed eyes, "chews the cud of reflection," but she is not asleep. Chewing is not an involuntary effort, and when she really goes to sleep, she stops chewing. The dog which lies down behind the stove after taking his dinner is not asleep, no matter if his eyes are closed. Let some one come in with whom he is not acquainted and see how wide-awake he is; if the person belongs to the house, he will open one eye to see who it is, but at any suspicious noise or the entrance of a stranger, he will demonstrate that his senses are alert, not locked in slumber. If the house dog really does go to sleep, after eating a hearty meal, he has the nightmare and will bark or growl—perhaps will dream that he is fighting with another dog. Nightmare is a state of muscular stupefaction, attended with frightful dreams. It is caused by indigestion and consequent irritation of the nervous system, which disturbance is communicated to the brain. When lying on the back the weight of a full stomach may impede the circulation of blood in the large bloodvessels which lie just back of the stomach and also produce nightmare.—Reported by Hetta L. Manning.

THE RIGHT KIND.

A Young Lady Eminently Fitted to Become a Wife.

"I was thinking, sir," he said, as he hesitated at the door of the old gentleman's private office, "that perhaps I'd like to marry your daughter."

"A noble girl," said the old gentleman, reflectively. "I don't know how I can spare her, but I suppose I'll have to some time."

"Yes, sir; quite right, sir, and I'd like to have her, except—except—you know I'm not rich, sir."

"I know it," replied the old gentleman, "but you are drawing a fair salary, and I don't require wealth."

"I'm glad of that, sir, but I was sort of thinking that—that she isn't experienced in household matters."

"She isn't," said the old gentleman, "but she's a wonderful observing girl."

"Yes, sir, and I think a great deal of her, but if I take her to a home of her own I'm afraid, sir—I'm afraid it would be hard, very hard. She was educated for a rich man's wife and wouldn't know——"

"You're partly right," interrupted the old gentleman. "But let me tell you something about that girl. She went to my closet a couple of days ago to get something that was there, and there was a pair of trousers hanging near the door."

"Yes; what of it?"

"One of the suspender buttons was gone."

"And she—she——" The young man was so agitated he could not finish the sentence.

"She noticed it," said the old gentleman.

"Noticed it herself?"

"No one had said a word to her about it."

"But she—she didn't——"

"Yes, she did. She sewed that button on."

"Please, sir, say 'yes,'" pleaded the young man, "and—and if she'll have me let us name a day in the near future. And grant me one one other favor."

"What is it?"

"Don't, please don't let any other young man know about that button until after the wedding. I don't want to take any chances."—Chicago Tribune.

—An honest tramp—may his tribe increase—found a pocket-book belonging to the mayor of New Brunswick, N. J., containing $50. He returned it to the owner, who thus addressed him: "You are the first honest tramp I ever saw; and instead of swelling your head with visions of a bright future, I will give you the wherewithal to feast in the practical present." The tramp received $25.

REVENUE CUTTERS—Coupon clippers.

THE YACHT RACE—Nautical men.

AN OLD STORY—Paul Revere's ride.—Mail and Express.

LET US DOWN EASY—The elevator.

KEEP THE BALL ROLLING—Billiard players.—Mail and Express.

THE tailor undertakes a great work in reforming men.—Elmira Gazette.

THE portrait painter should be a good theatrical attraction, as he can draw the people.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

IT may be remarked that the widower's weight of woe is generally the extent of his wait.—Binghamton Leader.

THE efforts a young girl makes to find out who her husband will be, a married woman makes to find out where hers is.—Atchison Globe.

BACHELORS are creatures who have consulted their female relatives before venturing on matrimony.—Milwaukee Tribune.

A MAN may fall in love a dozen times, but it is a question whether he ever sustains any permanent injury by the fall.—Richmond Recorder.

AMERICAN quails have been introduced into China, but no pigtail wearer has yet been fool enough to bet that he could eat one a day for thirty days.—Ram's Horn.

IT takes a smart boy to tell a lie successfully. If he tells it unsuccessfully his father is apt to make him smart.—Providence Telegram.

A.—"How is it you're always in debt at the restaurant?" B.—"My dear fellow, if I paid for what I ate I'd be forever hungry."—Fliegende Blaetter.

JAGSON says that some of his friends are such wretched correspondents that they wouldn't drop him a line if he were drowning.—Elmira Gazette.

EVERY miserly old bachelor in the country ought to be fined for contempt of court.—Oil City Blizzard.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

SOMEBODY says that poets are declining. This may be so, but you had better not ask a poet what he will take on the strength of it.—Boston Bulletin.

THE man who "grasped at a straw" wasn't drowning. He was trying to "drown his sorrows."—Boston Post.

PRIVATE EXECUTIONS.—Great Editor—"Send a man to that execution to-morrow, and tell him to keep it down to two columns."

SO FAR as coincidence is concerned one white horse will do for a dozen red-headed girls.—N. O. Picayune.

SAYS an exchange: "With money come poor relations." But poor relations never come with money.—Texas Siftings.

THE troubles that trouble us the most are the troubles that never happen.—Ram's Horn.

THE devil is always willing to aid in putting up a flue or stovepipe.—Galveston News.

CONSOLATION.—Do not fret if you can't get into society. The oyster is often present at a supper when he would perhaps prefer to be at home in his bed.—Demorest's Magazine.

BASHFUL young men ought to practice sparking with dumbbells.—Binghamton Republican.

IT doesn't often happen that you meet a man who is considered a hero at home.—Ram's Horn.

THE lottery dealer may be appropriately described as a chance acquaintance.—Boston Traveler.

POKER is a reform game. The players are constantly going better.—Binghamton Republican.

THE HERALD

SATURDAY, JANUARY, 16 '92.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE $1.25 PER ANNUM.

Coming Events.

CEDARVILLE OPERA HOUSE.
Geo K Morris, D D, Feb 18.

Mrs. Mary A. Barr is seriously ill

John A. Barber and wife are improving.

James Andrew now mourns the loss of his clerk, J. Grndle.

Mr. Dan Marshall is suffering with the grip.

Will Marshall and wife entertained a number of friends at dinner Friday.

Mrs. Fields was called to Kenton, on account of the illness of his aunt.

Mas. James Andrew entertained the Andrew family to dinner Thursday.

About fifteen from attended the Shubert Quartette at Xenia last night.

Mrs. A. W. Ourus, of Xenia, visited her sister Mrs. G. T. Marshall, this week.

James Pollock and Andrew Bro's. received this week a fine polled durham bull, as did Mr. Collins.

Mrs. Dr. Oglesbee's married sister who resides in Columbus is visiting her this week.

James Townsley is the happy possessor of a brand new "flyer." He will be a valuable addition to our races.

Mr. Harry Bickett of Odell Nebraska spent a few days the past week with her cousins, Turnbull sisters.

Mrs. Alex Townsley was called to Sparta, Ill., on account of the illness of her son in law, Mr. Blair.

A crowd of about fourteen young people were over from Jamestown to attend the Swedish Ladies concert.

Mrs. Rev. Joseph Kyle, of Allegheny City, Pa., and Mrs. Barnett, of Springfield are the guests of Mrs. Hadassa Kyle.

John McEtroy has placed us under obligations to him by acting as news gather this week while our pencil shover has been laboring with a case of "grip."

Harland McMillan, while out sleighing Thursday evening was thrown into the ditch and was badly bruised. The shafts braking was the cause of the accidant.

Little Frank Young is dangerously ill with scarlet fever. The case was reported to the board of health by Dr. J. O. Stewart yesterday, and the house is now under quaranteen.

Mrs. Dr. J. O. Stewart will send the New York Independent to any reader of the Herald a full year for $2. It is a $3. paper and is the best all around family paper weekly published. Orders must be sent in to her promptly. Remember $3 paper for $2.

Bert Squires has been arrested for robbing a clothes line and was sentenced to the work house for forty days. A more serions charge will meet him at the expiration of his sentence, as he broke a lock and entered a building belonging to W. M. Steveson and stole an overcoat, robes, horseblanket etc.

Checkers has always been indulged in to a greater or less extent at Andrew Bros. & Co., but now those who play there and loose have to suffer the penalty as a rule was recently adopted that the loser must carry in a bucket of coal. It is said that it keeps Will Iliff and Charley Marshal busy carrying coal.

B. G. Ridgway and wife attended the "Old Homestead" in Dayton last night.

Miss Lillie Stewart went to Springfield Thursday where she will remain about three weeks with relatives.

J. H. McMillan, of Yellow Springs attended the Swedish Ladies concert at this place.

U. P. church to-morrow at 11, a. m. Dr. Collins; at 7 p. m. Rev. Crawford of the Seminrry.

Mrs. Hannah Carson has returned from Monmouth Illinois, where she has been visiting since before the holidays.

Mrs. James Creswell and sister, Miss. Blair, received a telegram Monday announcing the dangerous illness of their brother Alvin, who resides at Sparta, Ill. They started to see him immediately.

Miss Lizzie Girard, who has been the guest of her cousin, Miss Edith Satterfield the past two weeks, returned to her home in Urbana, Thursday.

Miss Laura Forbes of near Yellow Springs entertained about fifty of her young friends Friday evening. A number of the Cedarville young people were present.

Miss Ella Kyle starts Monday for Arkansas to visit her sister Mrs. Hemmel. She will go from there to Washington, Iowa where her brother Harvey now resides, returning to Greene county about the latter part of March.

Parties have been busy cutting and storing away ice this week. Ice merchants say they are getting the finest supply this year then they have obtained in years. It is as clear as crystal and about nine inches thick.

James Pollock and R. F. Kerr attended the meeting of the State agricultural society and Breeders association at Columbus this week, returning home yesterday.

Milton Keys has removed his shoe shop to his new room next to the Nesbet property on Main st., where he will be glad to have all customers call.

The village of Osborn this County is greatly excited over the strange disappearance of Miss Mamie Baughman, a pretty and attractive seventeen-year-old young lady, who has been attending High School in Springfield, and staying at her sister's, Mrs. Elmer Whitely, The young lady in question is a beauty of the blonde type, and her many graces, attractions and winning ways have brought her a complement of suitors.

The young lady has been missing for over a week, but owing to the prominence of the parties it has been kept a profound secret. She has been making her home with Mrs. Whitely since last summer. The two sisters spent New-Year's Day with their widowed mother at Osborn. Mrs. Whitely was taken ill rnd they returned home the following day. The younger sister attended school Monday. Noon came, and she returned to the Whitely residence, and, as usul, left after dinner to continue her studies. She failed to return at nignt, and a search was instituted. It was ascertained that she had not attended school that afternoon, and an investigation of her effects was made, when it was found that her best dress had disappeared. The supposition was that she had eloped with one of two fellows there The whereabouts of the girl were discovered yesterday, She is stopping with her cousin, Mrs. Tuttie, at 15 Zig-zag street, Dayton, Ohio. The find was made in a letter sent to Roscoo Rockafield, of Dayton, by the girl, asking him to call. The mother is wild over her daughter's disappearance, and knows nothing of her whereabouts. The girl alleges that Mrs. Whitely, her sister, abused her. She refuses to return home.

Mrs. Mary A. McCampell relict of Joseph McCampell died at her home south of this place Wednesday evening at 11 o'clock, she had been suffering with la-grippe for the past three weeks and being somewhat advanced in years was unable to rally from its effects. She survived her husband just four years and four days.

Mrs. McCampell's maiden name was Mary Ann Winget. She was born in Maryland in March of the year 1822. She was a conscientious christian woman and a devoted mother. Early in life she became a member of the United Presbyterian church, and was faithful in attendance as long as her health would permit.

Her union with Joseph McCampbell was blessed with nine children, six of whom are living. They are Dr. J. S., of this city; Rev. Luther, of Buffalo, Pa.; William and Robert and Mrs. Jane Van Schoyk, of near Reynoldsburgh, O., and John who with his family, resided with his mother at the family homestead. Her life's work is ended. She has raised a family of God-fearing children, and she cheerfully relinquished her hold on this life, knowing that all will be well with her. She retained her mental faculties unimpaired and she will be sadly missed by all of her children.

The funeral services took place from her late residence yesterday afternoon at one o'clock.

The following resolutions were passed by the Cedarville W. C. T. U. at its meeting on Thursday.

Having heard that one of our members, Mrs. Mary George, has been charged with a very serious and aggravated crime, and that all the circumstances learned thus far seem to confirm her guilt,

RESOLVED—That we hereby express our deep sorrow and mortification that the spirit of social purity has apparently been so completely ignored, and that seemingly there has been such a gross violation of both human and divine laws by a member of the W. C. T. U.

RESOLVED—Tha we believe it to be due to ourselves and the cause we represent, to remove Mrs. George's name from the list of superintendants, also from our membership roll until we have reason to believe the charges false, or until she gives evidence of sincere repentance.

RESOLVED— That we desire to perform this action in a spirit of meekness. remambering the divine injunction "Considering thyself lest thou also be tempted."

NAPOLEON'S ENEMY.

The Woman Whom the Emperor Most Hated.

The woman whom the Emperor Napoleon III. hated most on earth has just died, says the Boston Herald. During the brilliant days that followed the coup d'etat, Napoleon made countless efforts to live on good terms with the old nobility. There was no limit to the bribery, cajolery and even threats to which he resorted in order to induce them to frequent his brand-new court.

The Marquise de Castellane, whose death is just announced, took the lead in bidding him defiance. She not only refused to go to court herself, but she cut any of her acquaintances whom she knew to meet with favor there, and as her salon was the most charming in Paris, the chance of being excluded from it was not to be lightly encountered. The Marquise was a grand niece of Talleyrand, and it was through her influence that the great diplomat signed an act of retraction and became reconciled to the church of Rome. For some years she lived in retirement, but in earlier days she was one of the most brilliant and powerful of the grandesdames of Paris.

The Climate of Asia.

According to the North China Herald the climate in East and West Asia is becoming colder. That of China in particular is growing not only colder, but drier. Animals and plants used to hot, moist regions are gradually retreating southward. Two thousand years ago the bamboo flourished in the forests of North China, but it does not now, and at Pekin it is only cultivated under shelter and in favorable localities as a kind of garden plant.

SLUM COCKTAILS.

The Bracer Indulged In by the Tramp with a Nickel.

Peregrinating Perkins, having risen somewhat in advance of the legendary lark, felt a strong yearning for an alcoholic resuscitator, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. His night's rest had been rudely broken. A pair of roistering blades passing through Washington square at the witching hour had espied him asleep on his favorite bench and tipped him over. The short sprinting match that followed between himself and the sparrow policeman had effectually driven sleep from his ensanguined eyes and he was aweary.

He set his face southward and journeyed toward that r m where whisky, the most superio ports and sherries, and incomparable Jamaica rum—all out of the same barr —are retailed at the farcical price of five cents a half-pint glass. A sign above one of fusel-oil factories near Pell street read: "Try a Hummer." Perkins accepted the invitation.

As a helping hand on the short road to delirium tremens nothing can surpass a hummer. Where the name came from and who originated the drink are twin mysteries. To professional wanderers like Perkins it serves the same end as the delicate blend of vermouth, bitters, and lemon peel which young Dives sips at Del's before breakfast—it braces them up. If called upon it could probably do the same for a brown-stone front.

Perkins, in exchange for the five pennies which he excavated from his vest, received an ordinary goblet half filled with ostensible whisky alleged rum and a strong dash of something yellow, masquerading under the alias of bitters. As it gurgled down his throat his expression was that of a man in the embrace of a live wire. Then he heaved a sigh and went forth to pound the pavement for the next eighteen hours.